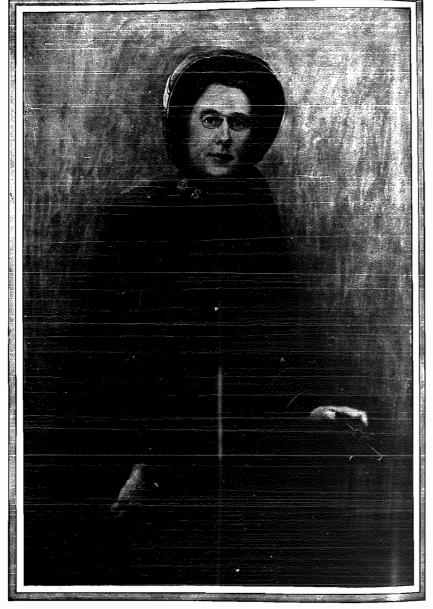
The WAR-CRY

THE BABE (

BETHLEHEM



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

THE

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF ==

S ONE CONTEMPLATES this great and walking-stick, making the act of stooping to recover it which with striking persistence emerge from the crash and confusion of the struggle. We see displays of courage, endurance, sacrifice, and patriotism. And, not least among the qualities generally if not universally shown is loyalty to the Throne. Be it King or Kaiser, Prince or Czar, the one who stands for the headship of the State or Kingdom is the centre towards which flows streams of lovalty.

May I not take this as a parallel of our relationship to Christ, whose Throne is in the Heavens, but Whose Kingdom is being established in the earth? As Christmas returns, we travel in thought and spirit to Bethlehem; but our minds quickly leap from the Manger to the Throne and no carol more popularly expresses the sentiment of the hour than-

Hark! the Herald Angels sing: "Glory to onr new-born King!"

There is no distortion of vision when in the helpless Child we behold our King; no extravagance of language when we express ourselves in terms of deepest loyalty to His person and interests. Some of us look forward with eagerness to the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our God and His Christ. But here and now Christ is our Lord; we are pledged to uphold His honour and glory; and at this Christmas scason we should stimulate ourselves and each other to fresh demonstrations of loyalty to our King,

The dominating personality of our Lord was recognized even by the Magi, who came from far with costly gifts; they bowed before Him. Had the fore-knowledge of these wise men been equal to our after-knowledge, they would have joined in the glad declaration:-

Though poor be the chamber.

Come, let us adore; For the Lord of Heaven hath to mortals given Life for evermore!

The Child was not only to stand as the central figure of the Gospels, as the Son of Man and One unparalleled in human history, but as the Son of God in Whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

There are many ways in which the spirit of loyalty may be expressed. There will not only be a recognition of the Kingship of Christ, but the full and hearty submission to His royal Will. When I say that submission is a necessary element of loyalty, I do not mean the spirit of bondage or of fear; that is a poor kind of loyalty, neither acceptable to God nor man. But there must be a full surrender of one's own will and way. Rebellion or controversy is the last thing to be permitted. Rather is the cry, "Thy Will be done! Be Thou the King, and let me be Thy loyal subject!"

In connection with a notable Durbar held in India a few years back, there was a great demonstration of loyalty to the King-Emperor. Princes, Mabarajahs, and other rulers of subject States passed before the supreme Head of the Anglo-Indian Empire and made formal obeisance. It is said that one of the native rulers approached in a haughty manner, and on reaching the saluting point dropped his

terrible war, the various countries involved and take the place of the formal how which etiquette dethe vast armies engaged, there are certain things manded, but which evidently for some reason or other he was unwilling to make. The act was a mere pretence, for though the man appeared to submit himself to the prescribed formality, there was no loyalty in it.

Now, the Heavenly King cannot be content with merc profession of submission. There must be no make-believe about it; nothing but the fullest surrender to the Will of God will suffice.

Loyalty to the King is also seen in the adoption of His purposes, with corresponding efforts to promote His interests. If loyalty he not practical in its expression, it is an empty sentiment, and counts for little in the King's Cause. We see abundant illustration of this in the present condition of the nations. Surely we can earnestly expect that the followers of Jesus Christ will equal in their service and sacrifice for Him what so many have done for earthly king and country!

There is, alas! so much unreality in the profession of attachment to Christ that one trembles for many who, in the Day of Judgment, will have but small practical proof of their loyalty to show.

I would also like to ask for a more during assertion of loyal union with Christ on the part of all the subjects of His Kingdom. In the old times of national strife in England, certain individuals were designated by the phrase, "He is the King's man!" And such were usually not slow to respond to the challenge. Oh, that more than ever we could see and hear men boldly standing out and declaring. "I am Jesus Christ's man!" Why should our confession of faith and adherence be so frequently timid and halfhearted? The truly loyal man does not hesitate to declare himself

A well-known public man-who recently visited the dis tant Dominiums of the British Empire was surprised to find that Dominium or the Drivin Empire was supprise to must the national flag flying in back-country districts amidst a sparse population. He imagined that this was up in honour of his visit, but on making inquiries was promptly told that node of the visit of visit of the visit of To the traveller's remark that there were very few people passing that way who would see it, the prompt reply was given, "Then we look at it to remind ourselves!" Those who belong to Jesus Christ would do well to make more open proclamation as to "Whose they are and Whom they

The true spirit of loyalty, I would point out finally, is not the outcome of a sense of duty, but springs from a supreme affection. With thousands to day the love of King and country is no mere phrase, and they make good their profession. Our Divine King may rightly expect a loving loyalty from those who say they are His followers. forms toyang toyang tront mose who say ting are its tonousers. The consecration which comes of the strong will and inflexible purpose is good so far as it goes, but it eaunot be compared with the devotion of the sanctified heart which has learned the secrets of its Lord by the intimate fellowship of love.

There never was One so truly worthy of personal love and devotion as our Heavenly King. His dying love for us, so ill-deserved, surpasses all human love; and our loyalty is inspired by the deepest sentiment of our souls: "We love Him because He first loved us!"

THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT

GLEAMS OF LIGHT

GAIN HAS COME THE SEASON when we celebrate the sovent of the Prince of Peace, and while Salvationists and others will at this season sing of "On earth peace and good-will toward men," nevertheless of the twenty-five great countries that form Christendom, no fewer than eighteen will be engaged in the most destructive, cruel, and barbarous war that the world has ever known. What a terrible reflection it all is! Still-in the homely language of the British soldier as he returns to the trenches after a visit on leave to his home and loved ones-we, the followers of Christ, can say: "Are we down-hearted?" Tored ones—we, the tonowers of China, can say.

"No!" We believe that Jesus, the Prince of Peace, shall yet in word and and stimulate The Army at a memorable time in its history; and a demon-

in fact "reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run"; that war will end war, and the present conflict will go a long way towards preventing another. We think there is every reason to believe that not only are the thoughtful of the earth turning their minds more and more in the direction of spiritual things, but that the man in the trenches has also become less Godless and more concerned about eternal matters. Adjutant Penfold, one of our Chaplain-Captains, now labouring close up to the men in the trenches and the firing line, whilst at the base, had, as part of his duties, the censoring of letters. He says:-

"I am quite surprised at the number of those who, in some form or other, bring religion into their letters, and the manner in which it is done attests to the sincerity of the writers.

Adjutant Mary Booth, in her interesting book, "With the B. E. F. in France," makes this significant statement:-

"I am more than ever sure that the religious instinct, the need of a God to worship and love, which has been dormant in many a man's soul, is often suddenly awakened when he is face to face with hardships, suffering, and ened when he is race to race with hardships, surfering, and death. As a man told me, a shell which killed five of his mates and left him with only a few scratches made him pray as he had never prayed before. Another one, who lost his leg and lay four days in a pool of blood before he tost mis leg and as not since missed a night without com-mitting himself to God. Oh, that the Lord may help us to take hold of the opportunities, and while men's thoughts and minds are turned to God, may we help them to find Him."

Again, Mr. Arthur E. Copping, a London journalist of eonsiderable repute, writes thus in a preface to Adjutant Mary Booth's book :-

"Probably never before in the history of the world were there such enormous assemblies of men with thoughts turned so definitely God-ward. Death is over thoughts turned so definitely good-ward. Death is even near to them—they are conscious of a destiny hesitating between this world and the next. The reality of eternity grows upon their minds as of infinitely more account than the shadow of time. In which facts we may find a compensation for, perhaps an explanation of, the war.

Who knows? "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," so let us all do our duty to God, our King, and to mankind; and out of this welter of strife and "strafing" God may bring circumstances to pass that shall mightily hasten the time when shall prevail:-

> "Peace on earth and mercy mild. . God and sinners reconciled.'

THE CHRIST CHILD

OUR COVER DESIGN embodies the heads of the Infant Saviour and His Mother, as painted by Raphael, who lived four hundred years ago, and was styled the Prince of Painters. This picture is known as the "Sistine Madonna," and is said to be the greatest and most deservedly popular of all this great master's altar pieces, and the finest conception

hangs in Dresden, is undoubtedly beautiful in design and execution. Zealand is targely due to the wisdom and enterprise with which The Army Raphael dedicated his great talent to sacred art-to the beautification of buildings for the worship of God. Not to many has such talent been entrusted, but it has been made possible for all of us to dedicate our lives to the service of Jesus, and to beautify human existence by words and deeds that will glorify our Saviour to a much greater extent than painted canvas can do. Reader, have you yet said:-

"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord, Into Thy blessed hands receive: And let me live to preach Thy word. And let me to Thy glory live."

SALVATION ARMY PROGRESS

FAT WILL BECOME of your Army, now that the Great Chief V is dead?' said a prejudiced white man to one of our Native Officers in Zululand, when the news of the death of the Founder of The Army had penetrated to the distant frontiers of civilization. There is no

doubt that many friends and well-wishers of the Movement nearer home had a lurking fear that all would not be well with the Organization when the outstanding gifts and capacity of its Founder would no longer be available -when that mighty heart and brain would be for ever still; when the inspiration of his presence would be gone. That such fears have been groundless is shown by the progress of The Army in certain vital aspects during the last four years of the lifetime of the Founder, and the first four years' leadership of the present General. The increase is four and a hall per cent, and sixteen per cent., respectively. This gratifying progress is attributable to two things a manifestation of God's blessing to encourage

stration, by increased zeal and labours, of the great love for. and confidence in, the new General that is experienced by his Officers and Soldiers. This is not only comforting to General and Mrs. Booth, but is gratifying to all who appreciate the work that is done by The Salvation Army for the glory of God and the uplift of humanity. May God cause the old chariot to roll on yet faster.

A SOCIOLOGICAL EXPERT

MRS. BOOTH, whose portrait in colours forms our frontispiece, is an active coadjutress to The General in his Leadership of The Army. Not only in the public side, where her gifts of speech have rendered distinguished service to God and the Organization, but in the Councils, her strong understanding, sound judgment, and wide knowledge, enable her, in a consultative capacity, to exercise considerable influence. In an Organization where womanhood enters so largely as in The Salvation Army, it is easy to see that the mind and voice of a superior woman is a valuable factor, And Mrs. Booth bolds a distinguished record in The Arms organization. Mrs. Booth has also been accredited by Government Departments and Royal Commissions as an expenon many matters connected with Social Reform. And, by means of evidence before such Commissions, by lectures before intellectual and representative bodies, and by articles in the press, has evinced knowledge and understanding of some of the most difficult problems set before civilized countries

Mrs. Booth visited Toronto for the Annual Congress in 1911, and the memory of her charming personality, and the spiritual power, and enlightening character of her eloquent addresses, is still fresh amongst those privileged to be present at that Congress.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

O WING TO THE EXIGENCIES incident to a large edition, vast distances, and fine art printing, these notes were written prior to the visit of Commissioner Howard (the Second in Command of The Salvation Army) to the Dominion of Canada in the early part of November. A sketch portrait in colour of him appears in this issue. At the time of writing it has been arranged for the Chief of the Staff to conduct the Annual Congresses for the Territories of Canada East and West at Toronto and Winnipeg. And considerable expectation concerning these gatherings is prevalent throughout the Dominion. The term "Empire-builders," as applied to British and colonial atatesmen, is familiar and expressive Commissioner Howard is one of the master-builders of The Salvation Army, having occupied leading positions in the Organization for thirty-five years out of its half-century of Christians, awake! Salute existence. Two years after The Army Flag was unfurled in Australasia, the Commissioner was sent to take command of

The Army's Work under the Southern Cross; and the splenof the Virgin Mother painted by man: Be that as it may, the picture, as it did success that has attended The Army's operations in Australia and Nes was operated in those early days. Similar success has attended his administration of the great appointments he has since filled. He was appointed Chief of the Staff in 1912. The duties of the Chief of the Staff include, is addition to public work, oversight, under The General, of the entire Army. and responsibility for knowing and representing its position and needs, the control of International Headquarters, the working of its various departments, and the appointment of the Staff.

OUP SOCIAL SERVICE LEGION

the happy morn!"

T WILL BE SEEN by the story of "A Tragedy of the Trenches" that not all the sadness of war is contained in the newspaper ensualty lists. There are tragedies experienced by soldiers, their wives, and their children that never find their way into print. They are known, however, to the workers of the Social Service Legion, a phase of Salvation Army setting that has been brought into existence by the great war. The objects of the Legion are to comfort the bereaved ones in their sorrow, and, whenever



The Christmaa Hamper from Home

last farewell; but we must look forward to our Heavenly Home, and there meet our loved ones who have gone before. We believe that our Heavenly Father must have had some purpose to remove from our family circle two loved ones. Again

"Dear Friends,—Please accept our sincere thanks for your sweet and comforting words in this our time of great trial. Thank God for such dear friends. Yours in sorrow.

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE POOR

nking you for your kind words of comfort.

are gone, and taken

from us without a

DERHAPS THERE IS NO ORGANIZATION that is so familiar with the accessities of the poor as The Salvation Army. The long experience of its Officers, the close contact with the needy of many of the poorer members of the Movement, with the fact that The Army has local organiza-

tions, all afford reliable sources of information concerning those who are truly in need, which render Salvation Army workers the most effective, perhaps, of all the public's almoners on behalf of the poor. fu fact, our people have experience that is unique in prosecuting this work, and we are anxious to serve those in need by undertaking to distribute the Christmas Cheer and Winter Relief of the generous. Will you make The Salvation Army your almoner? The Salvation Army places its Officers, Workers, Halls, and Organization at the service of rich and poor, and the money sent will be administered with the greatest efficiency and economy. Fullest investigations will be made and gifts will be disbursed in any town and amongst any class mentioned. The following are among those on whose behalf The Army carnestly appeals --

Families whose bread-winner is out of work through illness, among whom poverty and misery

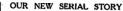
Children whose Christmas has been saddened by loss of parents and other relatives through death. Homeless men who frequent our Industrial Institutions and Shelters.

Orphans in our Children's Homes, and the families of destitute parents.

For the general charitable work of The Salvation

Donations for any of the above objects should be sent to The Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto; or, The Salvation Army, Confederation Life Building, Winnipeg.

May we urge our readers to remember the poor at this festive season, for whatever circumstances the war may have brought into being in this country, we may be sure of the fact that the poor are with us.



WE SHOULD LIKE to call attention to the New Serial Story that commences in this issue. As a narrative of human interest, it will prove absorbing, and will be found inspiring to a Godly life. In our last Christmas issue we began a serial story, and, amongst the numerous letters we received expressing appreciation of the same, was one from a Newfoundland reader, who said:-

"I was very much interested in that beautiful story than ran through 'The War Cry' recently, entitled 'A Vagrant's Vagaries,' and hope that 'Jack Rogers' will soon be prevailed upon to write another such thrilling tale for the readers of the paper to enjoy.

Well, the story of "A Maltese Romance" is by the same author, and will prove to be of equal interest to the "Vagaries of a Vagrant." We invite all to read the opening chapters in this issue, and then get next week's "War Cry."

"WITH THE B.E.F."

ELSEWHERE WE HAVE TAKEN freely from the pen of Adjutant Mary Booth, entitled "With the B. E. F. (British Expeditionary Force) in France." The author says concerning the form of the contents: "Written in odd moments, often on scraps of paper, and in many strange places, they make no pretence of literary merit or to be a connected or complete record." Nevertheless, the "Notes" themselves form a series of brilliant thumb-nail sketches that reveal, in a striking manner, conditions which prevail in the war zone in France. As might be imagined from one who is a Salvationist and whose principal field of labour is the hospital, much of the contents

deal with the spiritual and human side of those who are fighting their country's battles. Some of the pars, are inexpressibly tender and pathetic. The London "Punch" is avowedly a humorous journal: nevertheless, some of the most tender and poignantly pathetic poems and prose in the English language have appeared in its pages: Hood's "Song of the Shirt," to wit. ft is therefore not surprising to know that some of the paragraphs from Adjutant Booth's book have been quoted in "Punch." It contains also some very interesting photographs, and all who desire information concerning the tenderer side of the hoys at the front and their work, also the character of The Army's operations among the khaki-clad, should write to The Salvation Army Trade Departments at Toronto and Winnipeg for it, The following paragraphs are touching: "In the same ward a man asked me

to take the gauze off his face, in order that he might see me. His sister is a Salvationist, 'She looks just like you. Sister,' he said. He is quite paralyzed. I stroked his poor hands for his sister's sake, but he has no feeling in them. I shall send her a line.

"It is surprising, although so terribly injured, what good appetites some of the men have. One man just in from the trenches, enjoying his first tea in hospital, had to be fed, so I undertook the task. Quite an easy job under ordinary circumstances, but when you have to do it with an enormous tablespoon, it is quite an art getting the apoon into the egg! We had a bit of fun about it. 'That's champion,' he said when we had finished. Seeing he had so enjoyed that one, I suggested he should have another, which the orderly soon served. Have written his mother, and told of the

progress he is making."



The Battleship's Present

OF THE TRENCHES

"I have to-day just received the sad news of my wife's death, and I went at once to my major to get his advice what to do. He adwhat to do. He do you wised me to go to The Salvation Army. So I went to-night and saw Mrs. Ensign Hepworth and got her to write you. . . . My wife received a separation llowance from the Canadian Government Canadian of twenty dollars, and I signed over fifteen dollars a month to her of my pay. She also received so much a month ceived so much a month
for each child. . . . It
it my wish that The
Salvation Army look
after my six children,
and use the money for
that purpose. . . If
you can do anything for me I hope you will do it, and for the best to

The letter was handed over to Mrs. Brigadier Green, the Secretary of the Social Service Legion, who immediately took steps to carry out the father's wishes. A week or so later she was

able to write to him as follows:-"We have received your letter with reference to your wife's death, and are pleased to be able to tell you that we have taken up the case, and shall be happy to do all within our power to

"Our Officer at — has seen the children, and has found five ladies who will be glad to take one has found five ladies who will be given to take one cach. One of our Officers is going over to arrange about the children going to these people and will get each person that takes a child to sign a form to the effect that upon your arrival the child shall be returned to you.

"We will write you again later with full par-ticulars, names, and addresses of the different people with whom the children have been living. In the meantime be assured that we are doing our best for them.

This good news evidently brought much relief to the anxious father, as a warm letter of thanks

to the anxious rather, as a warm letter of manuser received in reply.

Now, as to the placing of the children. We will quote from the actual report sent in by Mrs. Brigadier Green to the Chief Secretary. She

"I went to --- on Friday, calling first on the Methodist Minister and explaining my business, He was very kind. He asked me to billet there, and then took me to a business gentleman. I explained the case, and, after consultation with his wife, they decided to take the youngest boy. I spent the whole of Saturday in interviewing

people and getting places for the remaining chil-dren. A mill-owner took the second eldest, 2 girl of cleven. This gentleman is the Superinten-dent of the Sunday School, and they are a very beautiful family. "A rich farmer took the other girl, who is nine years of age. His wife is an exceptionally good woman, and gladly signed the form, promising to send the girl to Sunday School and bring her

to send the girl to Sunday School and only her up in the right way. Another farmer, whose daughter is the organist of the church, took the eldest boy, who is ten years of age. It, is a beautiful home for the boy, and he will be all right there. The youngest boy was taken by some good Methodist folks, who will bring him up in the right way.

"I then went to see the grandfather of these children." He thanked The Salvation Army a children. He thanked the Salvation Army a thousand times for all our work to get his grand-children fixed up so well. The elder girl (aged thirteen) is in our care, and an aunt has taken

HOW THE SALVATION ARMY CARED FOR THE SIX ORPHAN CHILDREN OF A CANADIAN SOLDIER "KILLED IN ACTION"

NOTE: This is a plain, unvarnished sample of the work that The Salvation Army is doing for the offspring and connections of those who are fighting for King and country at the front. Many are the pathetic stories that can be told of the timely aid thus rendered by Salvation Army Officers.



The Returned Letter

the baby (age three). So you will see that the whole family is settled."

It was with a thankful heart that Mrs. Green went to the railway station on Saturday night to meet Mrs. Adjutant Tyndall and four of the children. A most pathetic little group they formed as they gathered on the platformmotherless and their father away at the front. All their belongings were packed in two small

Taking them into the waiting-room, Mrs. Taking them into the waiting-room, Mrs., Green talked to them for a few minutes, telling them that now mamma was in Heaven and their daddy was fighting for King and country, they must try their best to please the kind people who were going to take care of them. "Ahove all," she concluded, "you must love and serve Jesus and be good boys and girls for His sake, Who died to save us all."

Then they all knelt down, and Mrs. Green prayed that God would bless them and keep them from all evil, and help them to grow up Christ-ian men and women. The good people who had



the children were also present at this little necting and were much touched by it. They took the little ones to their new homes feel ing that they were fol-lowing out Christ's command to care for the orphans.

On May 24th another grim tragedy came into the lives of the poor children. Their father was killed in the trenches, just at midnight. The sad news reached Mrs, Brigadier Green a little later in a letter from the Officer Commanding the Battalion, who wished her to con vey his deep sympathy to the bereaved children.

Mrs. Green broke the news first to the eldest iubilant over just having received a letter from her father, in which he urged her to be a good girl and do people told her.

for you about your papa," said Mrs. Green, and the sad expression in her voice must have warned the girl what ed with tears. "Oh, you

to expect. Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you have come to tell me that he is dead!" she cried. "Yes," said Mrs. Green, "he is dead—killed in action; but I trust his soul is in Heaven." Then she prayed with the girl and comforted her with much loving sympathy and advice.

The other children were visited in turn. Natur-

ally, they did not realize to such an extent as the eldest the great loss they had sustained; but Mrs. Green prayed with each one and told them to remember that their daddy's last wish was

to remember that their daddy's last wish was that they should be good and love and serve the Lord Jesus.

This, then, is the plain, unvarnished tale of how The Salvation Army has cared for the six orphaned children of a brave defender of our Empire. We are glad to report that the eldet girl, since being in The Army's care, has got soundly converted, and has joined the Life-Saving Guards. She cherishes, as a memento of her father's heroic sacrifice for his country, the following little printed note, which Mrs. Green has had framed for her:-

"The King commands me to assure you of the true sympathy of His Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow. "W. W. ASQUITH."

"I have never given anything to The Army before," said a tradesman's wife who lives in the vicinity, and haz followed the whole case with great interest; "but if this is the sort of work it does, it shall have my heartiest support in the

The workers of the Social Service Legion, both in the East and West Canadian Territorie doing a splendid work in comforting the be-caved and helping those who need assistance. The Federal, Provincial, and Civic Governments and patriotic societies are doing a great deal for the friends and dependents of those in khaki, but they cannot do ali-the sympathetic, human, and personal touch must be supplied by others,

"THE WOODEN CROSS"

Of the many honours England gives
To those who fight for her, one stands apart,
He who receives it dies, yet ever lives

me who receives it dies, yet ever mes in England's heart.
Bestowed on all alike, bondman or free,
This great last tribute England pays her sons,
There "Killed in action" clear for all to see,

The legend runs.
A rude-cut emblem for the noble dead, A silent witness to her army's loss, England sets up above each warrior's head The wooden cross.

PANDALS

BY HAROLD BEGBIE



HAT evening we made the acquaintance of an Englishman on the veranda, and later strolled, at his suggestion, out into the moonlighted road, to visit a neighbouring pandal across the road, in which was heing celebrated the festival o

Mohurrum. Our presence in the group of Mussulmans occasioned some surprise Musulmuns occasioned some surprise, but the crowd article for us, a lounging figure in white with a fee on his black head, rose hurriedly orce tus with a smiling courtery, and were conducted to the chief seats in front of the garish pandal and offered cigarettes and cigars. This pandal, which had a kind of altar or shrine at the back, before which food was placed for the prophet, was decorated with times tarts, Japanese lanterns, paper flags of various colours, and branches of palm.

It was a scene most picturescue and Asian.

It was a scene most picturesque and Asian. The ground in front of us was occupied by squatting figures in various coloured dresses and turbans and loin cloths; a large Punch and Judy turbans and toin cloths; a targe runen and judy box faced us in the distance, occupied by two men with a little girl in the centre, motionless and whitened. Men dressed as women and animals danced and joked and clowned in the little space immediately before our chairs. At every ten minutes or so, the tom-tom was banged monotonously and the whole company broke into a nasal drone which deafened the ears and made discord of peace and mind.

ELECTED FOR INIQUITY

From first to last this religious festival was prurient and suggestive, everything turning upon sexualism. Certain things that I saw eannot be written, but on the whole the immorality was rather that of corrupted children than the abhorreut bestiality of deprayed minds. It was rather and again I found myself regarding the people as children, and in their simple, smiling faces and the almost listless character of their attention. I saw that one should feel pity for them, and not judge them as men before whom a choice has been presented and who have elected for iniquity. They were beating the tom-tom, singing their songs, and dancing their wriggling dances till

three o'clock in the morning.

I have mentioned this trivial incident as a contrast to what follows, as a contrast should bring home to the least imaginative of readers the immeuse difference between the mind of Christ and the mind of Asia.

and the mind of Asia.

On the day following our arrival in TrivanTon the day following our arrival in Trivantioner Booth-Tucker) to atte Singh (Commistioner Booth-Tucker) to atte Commission meeting in the compound of The Salvation

Army's Girls' School, where another and far

Migger pandal had been set up, but for a very different purpose. Of all the sights I saw in India, to was onch that made the most instant impres
the was one that made the most instant impression. When we arrived, we found the trees surrounding the sun-flooded compound filled in all their branches with men and boys; the great space of the compound in front of the pandal entirely occupied by a dense multitude of men and women; the pandal itself filled from end to end with hoys and girls; and the veranda of the school packed with high-caste natives, officers of the army, and European residents interested in the amazing work of The Salvation Army. It was one of the most striking congregations I

And all those squatting thousands on the ground surrounding the pandal, all those bird-like figures loading the



trees, all that mass of black-faced and solemneyed humanity packed so tightly and sitting so patiently, had come into Trivandrum irom the neighbouring villages, some of them twenty-five and thirty miles away, to hear the story of that Divine Man Whose Personality has revolutionized the other side of the world. They had brought their food with them; they had stept under the trees or in their bullock carts on the way, and to-night, after the long entertainment had come to an end, they would stretch their rolls of matting on the ground where they were now sitting, and sleep till the dawn.

These villagers were in some cases the laity of The Salvation Army, in some cases inquirers, and in some cases waverers not yet wholly persuaded to abandon their gods of terror and give themseives to a God perfectly pure, perfectly holy, aud perfectly kind. They had been sought in their distant villages by Officers of The Army, and for a year at least many of them had gathered toge-ther to hear the Bible read and listen to the preachers of Christ.

HANDSOME, SMART BOYS

The first part of the afternoon's programme was given to the children. We heard the Boys' Band playing such music as tom-tom and pann playing such music as tom-tom and bamboo-reed can never make—glad music, and strong music, music to which men can march with their heads upright, a music made for triumph and unconquerable hope. To teach these boys any music as we heard, and to teach them to play it so accurately and with such a swing in its joy—this is achievement of a notable kind. And the music had passed into the souls of the hoys. Instead of slouching hodies, they stood upright and strong; instead of matted or twisted bright and string; instead of infatted of white hair, their heads were as neat and brushed as a. British soldier's; instead of scowling looks and heavy sensualism, their faces were bright with intelligence and glad with health. It seemed an illusion that these handsome and smart boys could be the sons of the crouching villagers

could be the sons of the crouching villagers massed together in the dust of the compound. We saw a company of girls in pretly freeks perform a drill with their coloured searyes. We heard them sing. We heard them recite. We saw them act. From beginning to end, only a little nervousness, marred the performance of these childish minds awaking to intelligence. They looked so pretty and charming, they were so kempt and self-respecting, there was such understanding in their eyes and in the smiling curves of their lips, that one had constantly to remind oneself that these were the children of heathen villagers, so profoundly ignorant and so disastrously superstitious that they can almost be described as savages.*

IESUS AND HUMANITY

But the first note of definite religious interest ame when Fakir Singh, Commissioner for The Salvation Army in India, rose to address the multitude. He began by saying that everybody there had at least heard about Jesus, that they all knew what Jesus asked humanity to hecome, and that the One True God Who is the Father of humanity only asks His children to conquer their sins in order that they may be everlastingly happy as pure angels in a beautiful Heaven. I watched the faces of the multitude. Heads were bent forward to hear, in all those thousands of eyes there was intensity of interest, in not one single face did I see self-consciousness, stupidity, or an inclination to smile. Men and women, young men and young girls—the whole vast multitude, listened with a rapt attention. They were like enthralled children listening to a story.

Then came a dramatic incident. Suddenly in the midst of his simple talk the Fakir asked how many of the people who had heard about Jesus many or the people who had neard about Jesus wanted to conquer their sins and to become gentle and kind, pure and virtuous, good and holy. In a second the air was filled with lifted arms. I do not think there was a single person in all that large gathering who did not lift an

"Those hands of yours," said the Fakir, his eyes shining and his voice very quiet and earnest, "are prayers. Your Father sees them and under-

*For five shillings a month or thereabouts The Salvation Army can feed, clothe, and teach a child in its excellent schools. It is only lack of money which keeps a host of children outside those crowded doors. I looked at the awarge children and I looked at the children of The Army, and felt how hard it was that the one should be blessed and the other cursed,

stands. He beholds your hearts—your hearts which are hidden from all the world. According to your sincerity He will answer your prayer. And now let us bow our heads, and fold our hands, and pray to Him in silence." It was an unforgettable sight. The faces which a moment before had been raised to the



speaker-faces of men, many of them expressing every degree of savagery and woe, bestiality and suffering: faces of women strangely beautiful and surfering: taces of women strangely beautiful and yet marred by a frowing discontent or a heavy animalism—became suddenly bowed and hidden. The compound was filled with silence. Not a finger was moved. Not a robe stirred. The multitude was motionless. And the sun beat down through the trees on this field of humanity lifting its soul to God.

A FRIGHTFUL PENALTY

A FRIGHT OIL PENALTY

One realized at that moment how frightful is the penalty of sin, and hew immediate the appeal of Christ to the human soul of the definitely conscious of its misery. Many of one definitely conscious of its misery. Many of one definitely consider the constant inclinations all the days of their lives, who hast a licelations all the days of their lives, who hast off the world to be simple animalism, and the universe filled with gods as lustful and bestial as themselves, who can live so cassily and with so little dread, who are surrounded by astress most lovely manifestations, and enjoy a little dread, who are surrounded by astress most lovely manifestations, and enjoy at little dread, who are surrounded by a little dread, who lovely manifestations, and enjoy a climate which is summer almost from year's end to year's end are wretehed and unhappy, are conscious of something wrong in life, are aware of something inexpressible and undefined which disquicts and hurts their hearts,

And immediately they hear the simple story of the Christ, they feel the sun shine into the darkness of their souls and an answering response stirring in the depths of their hearts. They do anting in the depuis of their hearts. They do not dispute and contend. They set no casuistry of the mind between their souls and the great joy coming to them out of the new beavens. They only know that it is restful and sweet to lay the burden of their long misery at the feet of One Who is similar to the content of the less and compassionate, human and Divine: that to set themselves for the sake of this adorable Person to be better, presents a goal which more really and wortbily fills and widens the horizon of their lives than the labour of the fields: and that to contemplate God as a Father Who cares for them, and, because He cares for them, is seeking to fit them for higher joys and purer heights of being than anything they can imagine or dream, makes of existence at nne stroke a rational and a glorious opportunity.

A CROWDED COMPOUND

These villagers had streamed into the town of Trivandrum, not so much to see their children performing in the afternoon, as to hear in the evening once more, and this time in a new way, the story of Christ. Officers of The Salvation Army had visited them in their houses, had held Army had visited them in their houses, had held meetings in their villages, and had read them from the New Testament the story of Christ; but now they were actually to see with their eyes what hitherto they had heard with their ears.

In the evening the compound was more densely crowded than in the afternoon. At least five thousand people-probably many more-were sitting on the ground under the stars, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters -a dense swarm of black-faced and almost naked humanity, whose eyes reflected the moonlight and whose white turbans and loin cloths shone

like the cerements of a graveyard wakened to im-mortality. Only a few lamps were burning. The occupied at the back by a white sheet. In the centre of the multitude was an Officer of The Army with a magic lantern. When the lights were put out, and the people had sung a hymn, one could still see



abandonment to enthusiasm, and then a shout of acclaim rose from all the host. One thought of the humble work begun in East London only a few years ago by a Nottingham preacher, and reminded oneself of the fame of this old man, not only in the distant forests of Southern India, but all over the wide world and among all the various

races of humanity.

There were other pictures; and then came the Life of Christ, told by paintings and moving pictures. As one followed the simple story through all the beauty of its earlier incidents to the culminating tragedy which has changed the heart of the human race and given a new Heaven to the soul of man, one perceived how infinitely higher and more compelling, how infinitely more human and Divine, how infinitely simpler and human and Divine, now infinitely simpled appealing is the religion of Christ than all the perversions of religion which have nailed the soul of Asia to the rock of suffering and sin. They cannot be compared. Hinduism is not another path to God: it is a pit of abomination as far set from God as the mind of man can go. It is not the Bread of Life, but the Dead Sea fruit of bitterness and death. It is not bope, but despair. It is not effort, but surrender. It is not attain-ment, but defeat.

MOUNT OLIVET CHRISTIANITY

When the story had been told, a lamp was brought into the pandal, and the Fakir stood up and appealed to those whose hearts had been touched and searched by the pictures, that very rounced and searched by the pictures, that very night to come out and make petition to Heaven for its mercy and its love. He spoke in simple language, making use of parables which a child might understand, and set himself to awaken in the multitude a desire for goodness and a longing for peace of leart. Nothing could have been more simple, more quiet, more true. It was the Christianity of the Mount of Olives.

For a moment or two after his appeal there For a moment or two atter his appear there was silence, breathless and nervous. He made a second appeal, saying, "Who will be the first to come out and ask God to forgive his sins?" A young man rose from the midst of the sitting multitude, and made his difficult way to the pandal. He was clothed in a white turban a white loin cloth, with a shoulder cloth of white hanging at one side of his body. He was tall, good-looking, and of great strength. There was a sulky nobility in his eyes and an obstinate resolution in his strong lips. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. His head was a little His arms moved gracefully at his sides. The light of the lamp shone in his eyes and the light of the moon on his black shoulders and neck He was like a shepherd.

Others followed his example. One saw Officers of The Salvation Army, Indians and Europeans, moving among the seated thousands, and ending down to speak to them. In the meantime the wide and spacious pandal was crowded ume the wide and spacious pandau was crowded with kneeling figures. Women and girls congregated together, and women of The Salvation Army kneeled at their sides, mothering them, and encouraging their prayers. Men formed by far the greater number of kneeling figures, most of them young men between twenty and thirty years of age. They knelt in the dust, their hands at their sides, their eyes opened, their heads slightly raised—figures so still that they might have been carved in ebony.

TAMILS AND MALAYALIS

There was now a ceaseless stream of men and There was now a ceaseless stream of men and women into the pandal. The scriousness of the procession, and the solemnity of the kneeling multitude, made a profound impression. Presently, encouraged by the Fakir, who moved amongst them praying and blessing them, the whole kneeling company began to pray aloud. The noise of those deep voices filled the night. Each man prayed his own prayer, uttered his own longings, expressed his own needs. In a low monotone, rising to an almost ringing carnestness, thousands of Tamils and Malayalis lifted their voices to the Father of humanity, while the hundreds in the pandal besought Him to forgive their sins, to heal their wretchedness, and to accept them as His children.

Imagine the scene. As far as eye could see, stretching out into the glimmering moonlight of an Eastern garden, there were thousands of halfnaked people sitting and standing on the ground, hunched upon the boughs of trees, packed shoul-der to shoulder on the walls. Under a great open tent of palm leaves, where a lamp was burning and uolighted paper lanterns were hanging from the branches, hundreds of men and women were kneeling and praying to God, with white and black Officers of The Salvation Army moving in and out among them. Those Officers represented and our among them. How Omeers represented many nations; among them were a Brahman, a Singhalese, a Mayalali, a Tamil, a German, a Nor-wegian, a Swede, an Australian, an Englishman, and a Scot. All were praying.

THUNDEROUS SUPPLICATION

The voices of these various nationalities rosc in the air with a ery inspired by love for a sinless Ideal, with a passion and a longing uttered from the need of their common humanity; and all these separate voices and different words rose in a perfect unison, like the prayer of a single family under their father's roof. One felt that the unity of nations is not a dream, but one of the very first and most certain results of a catholic Christjanity. The kneeling host, the rolling thunder of

their supplication, the moonlight, the soleme to ness of the trees, the reverence and quiet of the watching multitude, and those servants of God drawn out of all the nations of the earth moving to and fro in the midst of them—one felt at that moment the passion of religion and the Father

I can still see those kneeling Children of India I can still see the disciples of Christ moving amongst them. I can still feel the soft and scented air of that Eastern night, and see the moonlight shining on the white garments of the watching multitude. And I can still hear, as t were an organ in the next room the though it were an organ in the next room, the mighty sound of those many voices rolling up to their new Heaven and making appeal to their new God and their first Father in Heaven, As I. recall that scene, I see the sensual grins and laded eyes of the poor Mussulmans round their street-

A DEVIL-POSSESSED MAN

An hour after this wonderful experience, I was talking to a man who had been devil-possessed for many years. When I parted with him and issued from the interior of the school premises. I found the veranda occupied by women sleeping on mats and the whole wide garden strewn with sleeping figures. In the moonlight, surrounde by the tall trunks of palmyra and cocoanut palms, and by the interwoven branches of flowering shrubs and scented trees, the spectacle was one of singular beauty and a most gracious appeal,

Those tired sleepers, sleeping in the dust of the garden, had come many miles through the hills and the forest to hear the story of Christ; the bullocks and carts of some of them were visible in the shadows: the sound of their breathing was like the noise of a summer sea; before the dawn they would be moving with their wives and families back through the jungle, and back over the hills, to the mud huts of their distant Some of them that very night had "found Christ." Some of them were sleeping with with a new peace in their hearts and a new joy in their souls. All of them, perhaps, had drawn at least a little closer to the Light of the

It was like a seene from the Bible. The heaviness of the languorous leafage, the softness of the air, the extreme brightness of the moon, and the grinding splendour of the stars—these, and the breathing multitude hooded and wrapped in the breathing multitude nooded and wrapped in white garments, lying at (ull length on the ground, so silent and so still, filling the whole garden with the sepse of human weariness and heavenly care—touched the mind with thoughts. of those who had crossed the hills of Galilee two thousand years ago on a like errand.

One walked softly through that garden, not for fear of awaking the sleepers, but out of reverence for the hush which broaded there like the bless-

TIDY, THE SAILORMAN

To and fro, in the trough of the great seas, the great grey vessels went, each a town, a city, of sons, fathers, brothers, sweethearts. Each man lived his outward life, working, enduring, with his fellows, one of many. Each soul lived his in-ward life by himself or with God, one, and alone. Some there were, utterly alone, unrealizing the nearness of the Father, knowing only they were without relations or home ties. To them, the mail and parcels were bitterness.

Tidy was bitter. He hated seeing the bags on Tidy was bitter. He hated seeing the bags on board. Yes; there came a day when there was a letter and parcel for him. "Take hold," said the distributor gruffly. "Think it's going to bite you?" Tidy wasn't sure a hoax was not in progress till the parcel, which unmistakably bore his name and official address, disclosed a warm, dark jersey, a regulation but soft muffler, an item of peppermints, a pair of woollen shorts, a small, clear-print Bible, and a "War Cry."

"Humph," said Tidy, beholding this last, "this explains the mystery a bit." On the margin of explains the mystery a out." On the margin of the "Official organ" a tremulous pencil had writ-ten, "From a Salvation Army woman whose own dear lad is afloat." Tidy viewed these thinga spread beneath his hammock till he could not see them for eye-mist.

So somebody cared? Often he had seen that old War Cry hawked in public-houses and in took it up now and held it close enough to hide his face for a moment. Next he turned the leaves of the Bible. The blank page bore a line in a man's commercial hand, "God bless you, We of you at home."

Tidy put the book down and thought. Remem-bering the letter, he opened it. The Salvation Army wrote, told him it understood he was rather lonely and might not object to a correspondent.
"How do they know?" asked Tidy of the wild
waves without. The Army begged him to commit himself night and morning to God, to come and see it when he was ashore, to reckon himand see it when he was ashore, to reckon himself, if he belonged to no religious hody, one of its children, and to apply to it if he was in difficulty of any kind or needed a friend. "The Salvation Army is able to send you the accompanying parcel through the liberality of friends who send subscriptions and donations for the Work

send supersystems.

"God A'mighty bless 'em, then, whoever they are!" suddenly said Tidy. "Chips," he hailed a man who was passing, "look what your Salvation. lot has sent me! I'm coming to your next One-

IN THE AMBULANCE

Over the rough ways the big motor car sped its load of pain silent, except when additional torture wrung a shriek or groan from reluctant lips. The road was long and presently a man talked in delirium, then another began to curse and swear in his agony. The attendant murmured something to him.
"What? It's a lie!" was the retort.

The attendant opened his uniform. Underneath was a scarlel jersey with yellow letter.
The poor wounded fellow rolled his weary eyes
at it. "Well, I take it back. I shall get through now, I spose. They always said The Salvation Army was lucky. But where'd they get money for Ambulances like this?"

"The people gave it them-for you."

On Page 12 will be found a striking drawing depicting the dedication of the Motor Ambulance Unit given by The Salvation Army in Canada to our splendid Russian Allies.

A HORSE HOSPITAL

Looked over a veterinary hospital to-day (says Adjutant Mary Booth). There are fifteen hun-dred horses here. Some of their wounds were truly awful. One poor creature and fifty-three shrapmed wounds and which I did most symiathetically! Dr. W— which I did most symiathetically! Dr. W— kindly let me see an operation. No trouble is spared. The horse are never sick after the chloroform, although they have enough to kill two or three humbers are never sick after the chloroform, although they have enough to kill two or three humbers and the see and t truly awful. One poor creature had fifty-three is quite sorry when they have to go.



SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAINS WITH THE C.E.F. OVERSEAS



THE CANADIAN CHRISTMAS WAR CRY-Dec. 23, 1916

Adjutant Penfold (Chaplain-Captain)

THE Senior Salvation Army Chaplain with Canadian Expeditionary Forces is Adjutant Penfold, who was posted as a Chaplsin in the Army Officers' List in September, 1914, and sailed for England in November of the same year. He has shown most exemplary energy and zeal in his special work and, both in England and France, has met with considerable success. He is now attached t the 2nd and 3rd Entrenching Battalions, and has established a Soldiers' Rest Fint for the benefit of the soldiers right up to the trenches. His is the only Salvation Army Institution that is close to the firing lines—most of these Instituclose to like arms lines—most or these ansatue dons being at the various bases. He has, in the course of his duties, visited much of the ground occupied by the British troops and his work in the hospital, and among the men has won hearty commendation from the officers commanding. He bas regular services in his Soldiers' Rest Huts, as well as official church parades. For a time part of his duties was censoring the letters of the men, and he has expressed his surprise and pleasure at the amount of religion that soldiers put in their letters. He pays a great tribute to the fidelity and zeal of the Canadian Salvation-ists who are in England and France. Adjutant bis who are in Engrang and France, Adjusting Penfold writes frequently to "The War Cry" and his contributions, graphic and interesting, are greatly appreciated by "The War Cry" readers.



Adjutant Carroll (Chaplain-Captain)

Adjutant C. B. Robinson, attached to the 30th Reserve Battalion at Hythe, has also been in England since May, 1915. Some idea of the extent of his activities may be gathered from the fact that in the Shorncliffe area there are about twelve camps spread over an area of ten miles. Nearly all these camps are visited by him each week, which, with hospital visitations and other work, keeps him fully occupied from breakfast time till ten or eleven at night. According to Adjutant Robinson, Salvationists have made an excellent impression for God and The Salvation Army. He says :-

"I was visiting our men in their hut the other day when the officer commanding the regiment came round for inspection, and, after he had inspected everything, he remarked: 'I wish to compliment you on having the cleanest hut in the camp.' Some unconverted men in the same but speak very highly of their Salvationist-comrades, and ask if they might accompany them to The Army services. Two of these men had never Army services. Two of these men had never before been to an Army meeting." Adjutant Robinson also says that in the matter of passes Salvationists have a decided advantage—in fact, nearly all of them have been supplied with pernearly all of them have need supplied with per-manent passes—the result of their orderly conduct. The following incident related by the Adjutant in one of his letters is very interesting:



Captain Steele (Chaplain-Captain)

up the meeting, but was finally persuaded to leave the building. But before he had gone a hundred yards from the Hall, the Spirit of God touk hold or him and he returned to the meeting, and came straight to the Penitent Form, where he found Christ, and, up to the time of writing, he has done well."

Captain Alfred Steele, Chaplain-Captain, after doing duty for three months at the Exhibition Camp, Toronto, was attached to the 19th Battalion, and went to the West Sandling Camp, England, in May, 1915. Of his work in connection with that battalion, the following extract of a letter from the colonel commanding to his general officer speaks for itself :-

"When leaving Sandling Salvation Army representatives were not recognized by the War Office, but now are; and I would appreciate it as a favour if you would ask the Corps Chaplain to have him (Captain Steele) brought over. as he is a great favourite with our men and a great

orker among them."

The Colone's request was—no doubt, for ex-The Coloner's request was—no count, for ex-cellent reasons—not granted; but Captain Steele was attached to the 36th Battalion (Canadian), and is still at West Sandling, where he is doing an excellent spiritual work among the men. The following is an extract from one of his

"Last week five new battalions came into



Adjutant Robinson (Chaplain-Captain)

camp and I arranged to have a social tea with the Salvationists and Adherents. Out of those present thirty-four were Bandsmen. When I say we had a glorious time, I put it very mildly.
Our service lasted for two hours and a half. The
men were delighted with the meeting and four came to Christ. We have formed a Brass Band of thirty-five pieces, and a male chorus of six-teen voices." The work done by Salvation Army Chaplains among the boys away from home cannot be measured up.

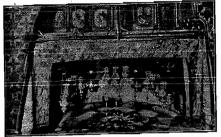
Adjutant Carroll was appointed Chaplain to Adjustant Carrol was appointed Caspian to the 51st Battalion in October, 1915, and left the North-West for overseas in 1916. After his arrival in England, he was appointed Camp Chaplain for Salvationists in all battalions at Bramshott Camp. Church parades, Salvation Army services, hospital visitation, personal dealing, and answering enquiries chiefly from Canada, make an Army Chaplain's life to be somewhat crowded. The following very interesting extracts from a letter sent us by the Adjutant, throws considerable light on the duties and doings of a Salvation Army Officer with the Canadian Oversea Forces,

Writing to the Editor, the Adjutant says: "Ineonnection with the comrades who are Salva-tionists, they, with (Coneluded on Page 30)



Captain Kimmins (Chaplain-Captain)

CHRIST THE ENNOBLER THE EDITOR



DAS, fabled King of Phrygia, posessed the power of turning everything he touched into gold.

The Christianity of Christ ennobles everything upon which its influence is brought to bear

At this season we celebrate the birth of Christ, and even the grotto or stable in which the Son of Man was born has, by reverent hands, been beautified by tapestry and marble, lamps and silver; while above it is reared a noble edificethe Church and Convent of the Nativity.

Thus, this place, once the filthy abode of horses, mules, and camels, has, by the brief occupaney of the Infant Christ, become so invested with sacred memories and reverent regard that the good and great of the earth visit the place with feelings of solemn awe.

So far as material things are concerned, there is no more striking evidence of the transmutation of that which is base into that which is noble. than the change that has taken place in man's regard for the Cross.

Originally an instrument of torture, designed by the Romans in their most decadent days, the Cross was as ignominious in character as the gallows-tree, and crucl beyond words, and thus was reserved for murderous, thieving slaves and malefactors of the deepest dye. It was the emblem of shame, but Christ, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled-"He was numbered among the transgressors"-was also crucified on the

The Cross did not degrade Christ-He ennobled the Cross.

MERCY AND VALOUR

How does man regard the Cross in these days? At these dreadful times, when the sword and torch appear to be supreme, the qualities man seems to hold in the highest regard are Mercy and Valour.

The Cross has now become the emblem, the insignia, of these noble characteristics.

The Red Cross of Geneva among all civilized peoples-except those who, in these latter days. appear to have dethroned the meck and lowly Christ, and set over them Mars, the heathenish god of war - stands for compassion and

The battle rages! In that roaring, flaming, bloody inferno man rushes upon man with bomb and bayonet, intent to kill. Into that hell let loose comes a wagon, no explosive shell-fire is directed upon that, no sniper's deadly rifle is aimed at those who accompany that; no horseman with blood-dripping sabre rides upon that ! Why?

Because it bears upon its white tent the Red cross, indicating that its mission is not belligerency, but mercy-mercy to friend and foe The Silver Star on the Floor of the Grotto Indicates the Spot Where the

The badge of honour which most nations place upon the breast of the bravest of their brave takes the form of a Cross. France has its Cross of the Legion of Honour, Russia its Cross of St. George, Germany its Iron Cross, and Britain its

Victoria Cross. The most-covered decoration of the British

soldier is the Victoria Cross, and happy is the private or the general who can add V. C. to

In many of the outstanding cases the Victoria Cross has been won in the saving of life-not by taking it. Speaking after the manner of men we know

of nothing finer than a man with the Red Cross on his arm and the Victoria Cross on his breast. He has in deeds of mercy been conspicuous for valour.

This is how Christ has ennobled the Crossthe thing of suffering and shame has become the emblem of compassionate mercy and glorious

MAN ENNOBLED

Reader, don't shun the Cross; take it up, coniess Christ in the eamp, the factory, or the home. In the beginning, the Crosa may press heavily on your shoulder-in the end it will gleam gloriously on your breast.

Christ ennobles man. Paul of Tarsus, persecutor of innocent men and women and followers of Christ, became converted, and of himself then said: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the

Others, after his conversion, sald of him: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live!" Eventually they beheaded him.

But how is Paul of Tarsus regarded to-day?

In the heart of the greatest Empire that this round earth has ever known, upon a hill dominating street and river, stands a vast Christian cathedral pile, the glory of "Regions that Caesar never knew." In the crypt beneath its lofty dome lie England's mighty dead. Nelson, England's greatest admiral; Wellington, her greatest general, who never lost an English gun, and conquered Napoleon; and, last to be accorded the national honour of lying there, Earl Roberts, great soldier and great Christian, who died in France with the roaring of British guns in his ears, and a hope blooming in immortality in his

Christ has so ennobled Paul of Tarsus-"Pestilent fellow; unfit to live!"-that this House of God, venerated throughout an Empire on which the sun never sets, is called by his name -St. Paul's Cathedral.

There are others! It was Christ who so ennobled William Booth, of humble birth, that when he lay dead, he was lamented by a world, and of him it was said: "A king among men, so long as the world counts service the badge of royally, and achievement the metre of power, the reason for his (Concluded on Page 30)

and devotion to the least hopeful the rare mark of the noblest blood, the name of William Booth will be mentioned with honour."

What ennobled him? The service of the Christ he loved, and for Whom he laboured.

But there are millions of souls ennobled by Christ, whose deeds never appear in print but whose noble unselfishness is recorded in the Book of Eternal Remembrance and engraved on the hearts of a few ..

So far as is known, no posthumous D. C. M. or V. C. has been awarded that noble sailor whose ship was torpedoed in the North Sea neither is it likely that "storied urn or animated bust" will tell to generations unborn of his nobility in the midst of darkness and the heaving sea. This is the story as outlined in the British "War Cry":-

"DEATH MEANS LIPE!"

"A sailor who had just got converted at the Sheerness Hall, when he rose from his knees at the Mercy Seat, with the joy of Salvation in his face, said, 'I'm glad to be saved. I was on the (one of the cruisers torpedoed) when she sank. I and another member of the crew, a Salvationist, had been swimming about in the water for two hours or more, and were almost exhausted, when, just as we were about to give up. we saw a piece of spar, made for it, and took hold. But, alas! it was not big enough to keep us both affoat. We looked at each other. For a time, one took hold while the other swam, and then we changed over.

"'We kept this up for a bit, but it was evident we were getting weaker. Neither of us spoke for a while, and then presently the Salvationist said. "Mate, death means life to me; you are not converted; you hold onto the spar and save yourself; I'll let go. Good-bye!"

"'And he let go and went down!""

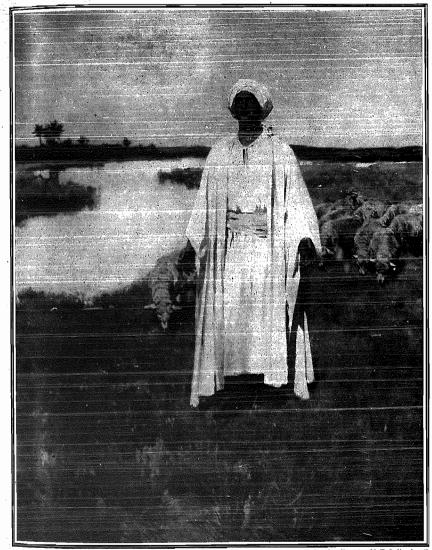
Interesting confirmation of this touching story was forthcoming some weeks after, when a converted naval man on furlough from his ship visited a Salvation Army Corps in London, England, and, in giving his testimony, spoke of the incident, and said that when the survivor was rescued and taken on board the admiral's flagship, it was his (the speaker's) duty to enter into the log book his story of the Salvationist's noble heroism.

But nobility of soul is not alone shows in dramutic conditions on sea or land. There are heroes and heroines in the humdrum circumstances of daily life, who, by their faith, and love, and zeal for the honour of Christ, and the exercise of humanity to their fellows, have been lifted by Christ's power into a loftiness of thought and action as render them truly noble

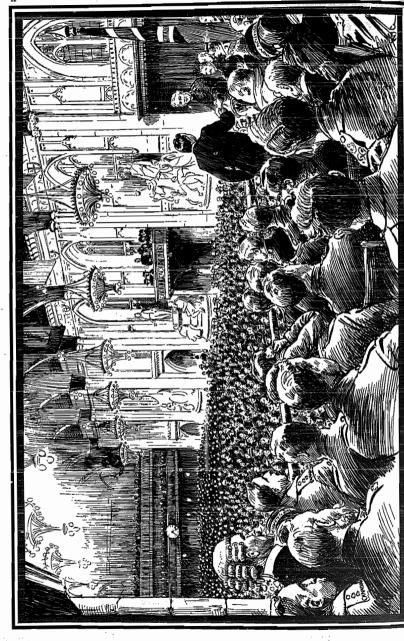
THE YOUNG BANDSMAN

What of the young Bandsman, the son of drunken parents, who, after considerable conomy, had saved enough to pay for a new suit of Band uniform, and was looking with intense de light to the coming Sunday when the whole Band would come out in all the glory of their new garb On Sunday morning his uniform was gone; the mother had pawned it for drink the night before. so the youth, bitterly disappointed was unable to go out that day. The father, drunken and infuriated at the deed, attempted to thrash the mother, but was prevented by the young man. whose eye was badly bruised in his endeavour to shield his mother from punishment; and who when the Band Sergeant came around to see why he was not out with the Band, declined to girt

UR ILLUSTRATED SECTION

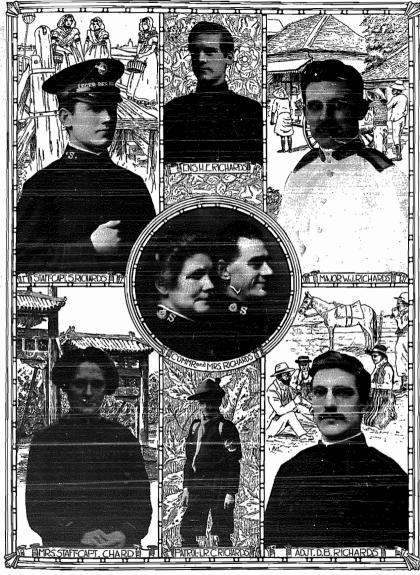


"The Lord is My Shephord" Twenty - third Balm



CANADA'S GIFT TO RUSSIA toon Candian Salvationics and friends to our Russian Salvation Salvation

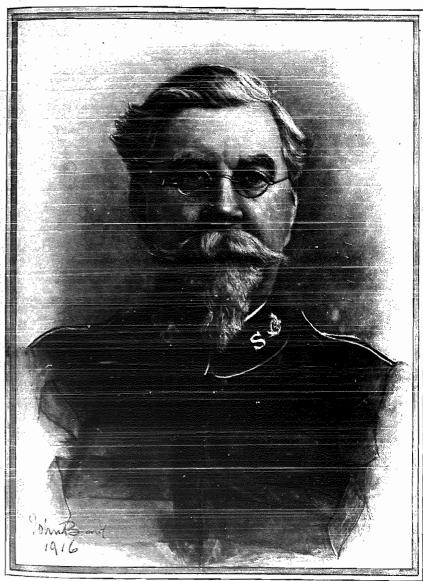
A FAMILY OF INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS



A STRIKING AND SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION TO THE SALVATION WAR

The above picture shows the family of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards of Canada East Territory and the location of the children. Major W. J. Richards is General Secretary in the Dutch East Indics; Ensign H. G. Richards is employed at the Life Insurance Department, Instrumational Headquarters, England; Salf-Capaian S. Richards is at the Territorial Headquarters, Holland; Adjutant D. B. Richards in the Headquarters, South America; Patrol Leader Carl Richards, Toronto, Canada: Mrs. Staff-Captain Chard (only daughter) is with her hutband in China. So far as we know, this family is unique in that practically all are Officers and scattered throughout the world.

THE BATTLE BEHIND THE GUNS



THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

T. Henry Howard, Commissioner, and Second in Command of The Salvation Army, has been an Officer for thirty-five years. He has, during that time, been appointed to many of The Army's high commands, including the Australasian Territory, the British Field, the International Training College, and the Foreign Office. He received his present appointment in 1912 and has the oversight, under the General of the entire Army. All his children are Officers. The eldest is the Chief Secretary in Sweden. The youngest, Captain Harry Howard, died in India during the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Howard to the Dominion of Causada in the month of October, 1918.



A HOPELESS DAWN

SALVATION ARMY

THE YEAR 1916 has been characterized by two notable events—the sixticish birthday of The General, and the first was the component of the sixticish was take the opportunity of the sixticish was taken to opportunity of the sixticish of the sixtic





existence. General W. Bramwell Booth, cld-st son of the Founder of The Salvation Army, was born at Halfras (Eng.) March at Carlot at the City of London School, and converted in one of his mother's own meetings: heeame an Officer when he was eighteen, and was appointed Chief of the Staff at the age of twenty- four. This position he held till position in the carlot at the control of the control

thirty-two years.

On Aug. 21st, 1912,
the day after the
Founder's death, at a
meeting at the International Headquarters,
attended by all The
Salvation's Army Comthe curvelope containing The General's appointment of his successor was produced
by The Army's solicitors, endorsed in The
General's own writing,
and still sealed. Upon
being opened, a docale. Upon
being opened a ford.
Aug. 21st. 1830, was
found, appointing the



The General Seated at Work in his Office at

faction. I could, without qualification, adopt as my own each of these tributes to The General's devotion, ability, and self-ascribleing service, but much that I personally feel about him would even their remain unsaid. Since 1880, when I first met The General at Wortingham, I have been in infinitate associations at Wortingham, I have been in infinitate association of the self-association of the self-associatio

Commander Eva Booth, of the United States, with a loving sister's pardonable pride in her stately brother, writes as to the impression The General's appearance produced on the impressionable New Yorkers. She says: "He looks the part."

"It was a thrilling domest when the great crowd of Salvationists awaiting The General at Gorand Central Station from an impressive Campaign at Gorand Central Station from an impressive Campaign at Gorand Central sign of relief as the used figure stepped before them. On first appearances he had not disappointed them. "I like your looks," were his trenchant, opening words, and as though commissioned to voice the unanimous response of the nighty throng gathered there. A maj s sentorian tones range through the great concourse, and echoed across its artificial staristic of his physique, which capityated them, were his heighted America likes hig men, so the remark of one in the crowd. You bet there's plenty of him, and it's all General, struck a responsive chord—this military bearing. (See Page 23)



Studying the Map of the World

The General Rises (Chief of the Staff-William Bramwell Booth-to succeed him. Just twenty-two years after it was written, to the very day. The present General's acceptance of the leadwas received with enthu dastle arclamation by the rank and file all the world over. And on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday—four years later
—"The Officer" Magazine published a symposinin of appreciations by representative leaders which equally well expresses the feel-

ings of the rank and

file, who are, in the language of the day, "doing their bit" on every part of The Army's battle lines,

From these literary X-ray photographs we take the following

extracts:-

Staff, in a foreword to

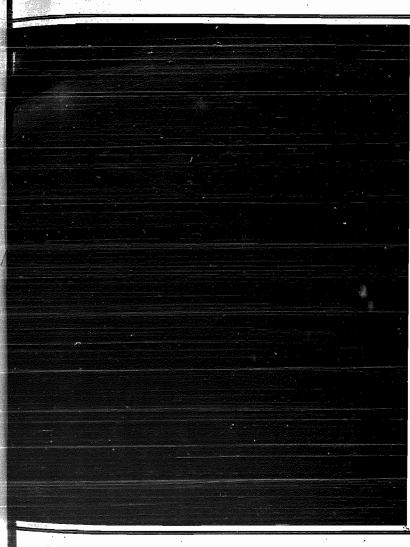
AR CRY-Dec. 23, 1916

In one battery of the Royal Field Artillery there were six Salvasits, who became much exercised about the Salvation of their mates,
a rights a week, when duty permitted, they formed their little ring
ad the guns, and sang and teatlified to the power of God to save
keep from sin. At first some scoffed, and some stood afar off, but
sally they drew nearer, and would join in singing the old songsgur, My Cod, to, Thee." "Rock of Ages," etc. One cold, dark night,
a the big guns were hooming and the shells were constantly explod-

ing near by, the faithful six pleaded with their mates to turn to Christ. Regardless of the cold, some of the Salvationists laid their greateoats on the ground, upon which they invited their companions to kneel and seek the Saviour. Three of the men knelt in submission to the Great Captain of their Salvation, Who was present in Spirit. This is the moment that has been selected by our artist for his picture. Salvationists have manfully stood by the colours in the great world war, and their influence for good has been generally recognized by the authorities.

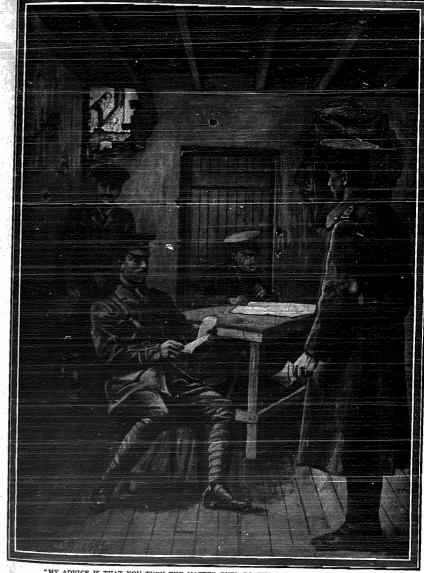


Looking Over Plans in his Office



COUNCIL OF WAR

A TRAGEDY OF THE TRENCHES IN FRANCE



"MY ADVICE IS THAT YOU TURN THE MATTER OVER TO THE SALVATION ARMY PEOPLE"

A soldier at the front received a letter from Ontario saying that his wife had died and left his family of six children without anyone to properly tare for them. In his despair he went to the Major of his Battalion for advice. After reading the letter, the Major said: "My advice is that you hum the matter over to The Salvation Army people; they will see you through." How the six children have heen cared for is told elsewhere.



THE GENERAL AND THE SALVATION ARMY

(Continued from Page 18)

"'His remarkable face; the eye of a dreamer, and the mouth of a master of men," commented one. I looked into bis face, and saw the great man behind the great rank," said another."

Each of the writers describe qualities in The General that most appeal to them, consequently were a well-rounded portrait by a collaboration of experts. In view of this it is not surprising that The Salvation Army's great Apostic to the Hindus (Commissioner Booth-Tueker) heads his contribution "Our Missionary Moses." The aspect of The General's work and char-

"The aspect of 1 ne General's work and careseter which most appeals to those of his Officers who are working in the second of the Officers who are working in the second of the Army's Work keen increase in themoive grap of its needs and officers in the officers of the officers of the another increase in the officers of the officers of the tast he had spent a great part of his life amongst the one thousand millions who constitute the non-Christian populations of the world.

Commissioner E. J. Higgins, the British Commissioner, has the distinction, like his Leader, of being the second of a dynasty, that is to say, his late father was also a Commissioner. He writes of The General "as son and second in command." He says:—
"If the man who successfully rules must first

learn to serve, then our General certainly has added rights to his position, for no man most faithfully or loyally served than did he, during all those years of our Founder's Generalship. It was this side of The General's character and service that so strongly appealed to me."

Commissioner Adelaide Cox, who has charge of the Women's Social Work in Great Britain, designates The General as "the champion of woman's place and work." and says:—

"The General keeps the fact ever to the front that wonces should have an equal opportunity with men to make the very best of their lives." Commissioner W. S. Oliphant, of Switzerland and Italy, who was for a time Private Secretary to the General, and thus had an opportunity of viewing him at close range, pays an eloquent tribute to him as "a manager of sneu." "It will not," he says, "have escaped the most unobservant of us that a wide knowledge of men and the state of the says that we have been and the state of the says that the says in the says in the says in the says of the

Concerning this side of our Leader, the Com-

missioner remarks:—
"Those who lived through those early struggles

Those win twee utuning more and will witness with me that it is on these early foundations. The Salvation Army rests to-day, some of its will never forget our Founder's gratitude when The General, as Chief of the Staff, without talking much of the ways and means which had been taken to keep this Officer from reignation, to prevent that upset in the East, to aver that inclipient rebellion in some other part dever that inclipient rebellion in some other part of the control of the con

"Among the things which have contributed to there enarrhable equilities of our present Leader are, I think, the following: His inherent love for makind and his wide knowledge of men, through personal contact and also through wide reading. His intense interest in human affairs. His polite manner. His unfailing respect for the individual, and determination amid the rough and tumble of The Army's progress, not to forget the personality and claims of others."

Never, perhaps, has the physical and educational well-being of Young People received such consideration by rulers of the State as in these days, and certain it is that no one has shown greater interest in the Young People of the Organization than The General. Commissioner Thos. McKie (Principal of the International Training College) writes thus:

"I question whether there is any section of The Army's Work to which The General has given more time, keen interest, and devotion, that the work of developing the character and capacity of the Young People of The Army, and the making of Officers. Whatever other desigtation may be given to him. I am sure he will compare to posterity as "The Young People's General to Posterity as "The Young People's

Perhaps the most-travelled Officer in The Salvation Army to-day is Commissioner John Lawley. As A.D.C. to both the late General and our present Leader, no one than he has better equipment for describing The General "on the platform." He says:--

We have used the largest Halls that could be rented, yet most of them have been crowded from floor to celling, filled from platform to pavement, and I am delighted to say The General has had wisdom given him of God to make the most of these vast opportunities. ... I have heard him talk of the Great White Throine and the Judgment Day, until his hearers have felt that they are realities. I have heard him preach about hell and the sufferings of the damned until his audience has prayed that God would save them from going to that place of forment.

"His Gospel has been a wide one; it has covered the sins and sorrows and wounds of man-kind; he has preached of God the Father, God he Son, and God the Holy Ghots, with he result that I have seen tears flow, heads howed, lips quiver, hearts broken, rebels reconciled, prodigats some home, wanderers return, and sinners of all classes reconciled to God?

Not the least interesting paper in this symposium is that entitled "After Thirty-four Years," by Commissioner John A. Carleton Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, Trustee of Reliance Benefit

Assurance Society, Trustee of Reliance Benefit Society, Vice-Chairman of the Reliance Bank, Limited). He opens his paper with this candid confession—

"Qur present General was a young man when I first came under his leadership. I was his senior by eight years. I had received a good business training, and, to be quite frank, I came to him with some idea in my mind that my business experience would be a valuable asset to The Army, and that my addition to the Headquarters Staff would bring to pass considerable

improvements in its business arrangements!

"I have heard it said that the House of Commons is the best place in the world for taking the conceit out of a member who is unduly inflated with a sense of his own importance. My experience would lead me to conclude that the International Headquarters is equally efficacious in bringing down to his proper level the comrade who may be inclined to think more highly of himself than he ought to think. In any case, a few days were sufficient to show me that in Mr. Bramwell Booth I had a man who towered over me in ability and experience, and that he could, to use a colloquialism, make rings round me. The world-be teacher became a pupil, and, after thirty-four years, although I have learned many

things, our relative positions remain the same.

It may be interesting to our friends to know the present position of The Salvation Army. On the 5th of July, 1865, the Founder of The Army stood alone on Mile End Waste. In the present year of grace, fifty years later, no fewer than 17,588 Officers and Cadets preach Christ and Him crucified, in sixty countries and colonies, nearly all-over the habitable globe; and proclaim Salvation in thirty-nine language.

tion in thirty-nine languages.
The singing of The Salvation Army—and it was the late Dr. Talmage who said, "The Salvation Army will sing themselves all round the world"—is led by an army of over 29,367 Bandsmen. Each issue of The Salvation Army Press that chronicles the doings of the Organization contains a total of 1,204,222 copies; while The Salvation Army's Institutions for the poor and outcast can accommodate over 30,000 each night.

The Salvation Army has two hundred ways of serving the people, which range from Life-Saving Scouts and Guards to Midnight Drunkards Brigades; from Free Meals to Famine Loan Funds; from Fresh-Air Camps to Leper Colonies, and from Hotels for war workers to Motor Ambulances and Red Cross Workers.

The Army's operations have special activities for the well-being of the Churchless masses; the Heathen; the Unemployed; the Starving; the Paupers; the Homeless; the Drunkards; the Criminal; the Daughters of Shame; for National Service Men; Slum Work; the Slek; the Lost; Protective Work for Young Girls; for Protective Work for Young Girls; for Anti-Suided Bureaux, Home Leagues, Children's Work, Land Schemes, Poor Men'a Lawyers, Trade, Banks, and Assurance.

In connection with the foregoing phases of Salvation Army Work, 66,846 unpaid Local Officers are employed, with a large number of Salvationists without rank, who, out of love, labour for God and souls, and the social well-being of

It will also be of interest to know that The

Salvation Army, in its Chesp Food Depots, supplies thicken and a half million meals annually, and nearly eight million beds in its Shelters for homeless men and women. Up to the beginning of the war, The Salvation Army had two hundred industrial Institutions for the property of the property work, and during the same period 99,000 situations were found for the unemployed in connection with The Army's Labour Bureaux.

The Army's Industrial Homes for women have accommodation for nearly four thousand, and the number who pass out as satisfactory cases last year numbered 6,664. Altogether, The Salvation Army has 1,227 Social Institutions, and the number of Officers and Cadets engaged in this branch of Christ-like work is 3,071.

According to the latest published statistics, the last annual Self-Denial Effort of The Salvation Army throughout the world resulted in \$1,102,077 being raised. A large proportion of this fund is devoted to the upkeep of the Missionary Work of The Salvation Army in heathen lands.

One of the great Missionary Fields of The Salvation Army is India and Ceylon, and some idea of the magnitude of the work carried on in the East may be gathered from the fact that we have in India 3,114 Corps and Outposts, 500 Schools, and 109 Social Institutions, operated by 3,184 Officers and employees, assisted by 4,419 Local, or uppaid, Officers, There are also other both, or uppaid, Officers, There are also other saries, sixteen Village Banks, and threy-four Criminal Settlements.

The Army's operations were started in India about shirty-three years ago, and, to show hote Organization was regarded, the leader, then Major Tucker, was put into jail for a month. In 1913 a striking evidence of the change in opinion was shown when the list of honours on the King's Birthday showed that the Order of the Kaiser-i-Hind was conferred on Commissioner Booth-Tucker "for public service in India."

In Japan, where The Army is making splendid progress, the Emperor showed his appreciation of our Work last year by contributing \$1.500 to The Army's funds, and conferring a birthday honour on the Second in Command of The Army's forces for service rendered to the State.

In the Dutch East Indies not only is a splendid work of bringing the natives to a saving knowledge of Christ being carried on—in the Celebes
Island, a thousand natives deelared their allegiance to Christ in one meeting—but the Governgiance to Christ in one meeting—but the GovernIsland, and Sumarta are accomplishing most useful
Java in the medical work is producing
results little short of miraculous. Upwards of 130
patients are dealt with each day in enonection
with the William Booth Memorial Eye Hospital
All round Island is world-wide hattle lines The SalAll round Island.

an round the world-wide battle lines The Salvation Army, in the filter hyear of its existence, is warring with a vigour and success that exceeds any other period. It is also breaking the lines of heathenism and sin, for during the year a pioneer party has invided China, and, in a short time, a hundred Officers—Canada will be asked to furnish its quota—will be dispatched to help win the Celestial Empire for the King of kings. How The Salvation Army is regarded in the

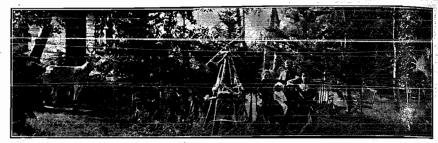
How The Salvation Army is regarded in the land of its birth and other portions of the English-speaking world, may be inferred from the following extract of the cordial messages received by The General at the International Congress of June, 1915. His Majesty King George said:

"I have, for many years, watched with deep interest your work for the people, especially for the less-fortunate citizens of the Empire. I think that work is carried on with great ability, and with much self-sacrifec and unselfish real. I trust that it will go forward in all parts of the world, and that the blessing of God will continue to rest upon you." The President of the United States of America, in a very sympathetic message, sald:—

"I desire to give expression to my goodwill towards the Organization, and to my recognition of the great good that has resulted from its evangelical and philanthronic work."

Making allowances for the ravages in The Army's ranks by the European war, the future of The Army was never so bright or so assured as now, for which we all thank God and take courage.

SCANDINAVIANS in CANADA



THE DOMINION OF CANADA is so vast that not only do the climatic conditions differ practically in every Province, but the occupations of the people differ also, according to the particular part of the country in which they live, whether it be on the eastern or western scaboard, or in the Middle

or har West,

For a good deal over a quarter of a century
the mighty influences of The Salvation Army—
mighty because wrought of God—have been at
work, north, south, east, and west of this land.
It is somewhat difficult, however, to write of
a distinctive phase of The Army's Work that is peculiar to a particular Province or section of the country. For instance, one is apt to think themselves at a disadvantage when requested to speak of a branch of the Organization's operations distinct and peculiar to Canada West, in-dependent of the British Columbia and Alaskan ndian Mission Fields.

Like Canada East, Canada West has its Field embracing the spiritual work; its Men's and Women's Social operations; its Training, Trade, Immigration, etc., etc. But, on second thought, one is reminded of a phase of work brought into being by Commissioner Sowton shortly after taking over the command of this wonderful country. We speak of the Organization's efforts among the Scandinavian peoples who have come to look upon Canada as the land of their adoption.

The Government long ago realized that these people from the far north, whether they be Swedes, Dancs, or Norwegians, make excellent settlers, for, unlike many

of the immigrants from Oriental countries, they come to stay. During the last few years thou-sands have made Canada their home, the majority, we think we are safe in saying, chonsing to homestead on the fertile plains of the "Wild and Woolly West."

There are, scattered up and down the Prairie Provinces, whole settlenients composed practi-cally of Scandinavians, Some of these people live in lonely homesteads isolated from human fellow-ship. At this season of the year, when the whol

the year, when the whole countryside is enveloped of anow; when Christmas revives memories of of anow; when Christmas revives memories of happy Yuletides spent around the crackling fire in the "old home" away in their own native land, their feelings are apt to be more deeply stired, so that their hearts yearn after the old familiar seemes and faces.

There are few Salvation Army Officers who understand and can enter into the feelings of these people more than Commissioner Sowton; and when one realizes he has worked among them as an Officer for over nineteen years, one appreciates to a greater degree the extent of his knowledge of them.

knowledge of them.

It was this knowledge that moved the Commissioner to lay himself out to do something
more than had already been done for the Scandinavian-Canadians in Canada West.

This Farmhouse was Adjutant Larson's Headquarters. From this "Base" he would visit the surrounding district

Among these isolated people are numbers of Salvationists and others, who, before leaving the Homeland, were in the habit of attending The Army's meetings. Also quite a large percentage who are in full sympathy, and who made a practice of supporting its work.

In his travels up and down the country, the Commissioner came in contact with these people and became convinced that something should be done to keep in touch, and eventually link them up in a practical and efficient way with The Army's operations. He saw with that keen fore-sight which is one of his characteristics, that in the years to come this work, if carefully for tered, would eventually become a support and strength to the Organization in Canada West.

For a number of years work among the Scandinavians has been in progress in the City of Winnipeg; Adjutant and Mrs. Larson, two tried and trusted Officers from Sweden, being largely acceptable for the restablishment. re-ponsible for its establishment and develop-

The Commissioner decided that these were the Officers to pioneer the work in connection with his scheme for spreading the Gospel by Salvation Army methods among their scattered fellowcountrymen.

For nearly a year the Adjutant has been at work, and has travelled thousands of miles, by train, team, and automobile—the latter kindly lent by those interested in his labours -and quite

A North-West Farmhouse owned by one of The Army's many Scandinavian friends

often has to cut across country by the old reliable "Shanks' Pony."
When possible, Mrs. Larson accompanies him, and is of great help in the meetings, being an excellent guitar player and soloist.
Many and varied are the experiences passed through by the Adjutant on his travels, and he tells of interesting and touching incidents that have occurred from time to time. The following will give our re ders some idea of their character:

Twenty-seven years ago an old Army friend,

then living in Sweden, emigrated to the United States, and for a number of years associated him-

self with the Swedish Branch of The Army's work there, taking an active part in its efforts put forth for the Salvation of the people. Nearly twelve years ago he came with his family to Canada, and settled about four hundred miles from the City of Winnipeg. When the Swedish Corps opened in this city, he became so interested that he decided to pay it a visit, which he eventually did, and there met Adjutant and Mrs. Larson, who arranged for the 'Swedish "War Cry" to be sent to this comrade. Some months the Adjutant had the opportunity of visiting his home away on the prairie, and meetings were arranged in the locality. Adjutant Larson wrote regarding his visit as follows:— "This man and several of his neighbours for

years had longed for the day to come when some

reached home and told their mother of their con-version, she felt she should seek God, which she did, and received the assurance that her sins were forgiven. The father and one daughter

> are converted and en-joying the smile of His Divine favore livine favour. Should any one ask the

on account of breakdowns in the arrangements, he simply smiles one of his sunny, genial, hope-inspiring smiles, and refers you to same such incdent as aforementioned. He speaks of the un-feigned joy and gladness that is given expression to by these honest farmers and their families

The Adjutant is convinced that his are God-

When shall all men's good Be each man's rule, and universal peace Lie like a shaft of-light across the land And like a lane of beams across the sea?

years had longed for the day to come when some Salvation Army Officers would pay the little scat-tered community a visit. I will never lorget our meeting in the little country church. About one hundred people (Scandinavians) were gathered together, and God indeed made His Presence felt in our midst. Our friend and many other have the loope that the time is not far distant when The Army will establish a permanent was in this particular settlement and minister to the in this particular settlement and minister to the surrounding district."

In one place where the Adjutant was conduct ing meetings a revival broke out and fifteen people sought and found the Saviour. Three of the fifteen belonged to one family. When they

> were still unconverted, but at another meeting conducted by the Adjutant, some considerable of the other members of family, they also came forward to the Mercy Seat, and made their peace with God. Now the whole family

Adjutant if his labours are "worth while," whether there is any recompense for the long jour-neys by train, often in the depth of winter, or the frozen prairie, the long waits at flug stations

when he appears in their midst.

honoured labours, the results of which, in the not-too-distant future, will be made manifest. We wish our Scandinavian friends a holy, happy Christmas.

—ENSIGN CARTER.

With the B. E. F. in France

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF -

under many conditions; have seen him glad, seen him sad; seen him ADJUTANT MARY BOOTH clean and smart, seen him "somewhat muddy," just come from the trenches. Then, again, I have seen him wounded; but I think I like to see him best of all when he has been told in hospital that he is down on the list

or going home.

At No. — Hospital, when a man is to go home three pieces of tape are moment those pieces of tape appear, the occupant can think of nothing else; no groans nor moans escape him when he is lifted into the stretcher; "home, sweet home" lies at the end of the

Christmas has come and gone! How different from any other that I have spent, Aud yet it has not been altogether sad and depressing. We have even sometimes laughed heartily, and who would not? to see great big men sitting up in their beds blowing trum-pets and balancing odd-shaped animals ust as if they were children of three just as if they were children of three or four years old. Every one seemed to be in for making the best of it. Yes, even the poor fellow who will ever remember Christmas, 1915, because on that day he had—his leg amputated! If holly and mistletoe could make Christmas it would certainly have heen the had—his avenue, The

the best many a man has spent. The hospitals were beautifully decorated. Nurses, doctors, chaplains, and visitors all helped in making the best of the day. Even the tents had their Christmas trees

and paper hangings. But it is home that really makes Christmas, and we felt as we talked to some of the men that every one of them had a vague hope that he would have been there or somewhere near it at this time.

On Christmas Eve our Ambulance Band played outside some of the hospitals, to the de-light of some hundreds of the wounded. It was ight ut some nundreds of the wounded. It was the one thing which had been missing, said the nurses, as they came out to thank Adjutant Dalziel, and hand coffee to the Band, "What is that?" said a general to his staff officer, as he drew up to listen to the Band for a moment; arew up to isten to the Band for a moment; and when he told him who it was, he looked more than a little surprised, and, I think, pleased. The music had hardly died away on the night air: "Peace on earth, good-will towards men" still school in the head of the second o ethoed in our hearts and minds, when the con-trast to it all was forced upon us. A train with three hundred cases came in, followed by another with three hundred more, and over the rough with three numered more, and over the rough road all night the ambulances went to and fro with their burdens of suffering men, until the day dawned, and we thought of the angels who sang "Clory to God in the Highest!" I wondered whether the angels this morning were not weeping!

I quote from a letter written by a lad who spent Christmas at E—. It has been printed in the local newspaper and a copy sent to the Brigadier. It speaks for itself:-

"Dear Walter,—I promised to let you know how I spent Christmas on active service. You will be surprised to learn that I had a very happy one. At four o'clock on Christmas Day we met round a table in The Salvation Army Hut, spread like home. Fancy a white table-cloth, real cups and saucers, and such delicacies on active service! Almost like a dream, yet

"I proposed a toast as follows: 'Here's to our mothers and fathers, our wives and children, our sisters and brothers, our sweethearts, relatives and friends, and our comrades on land and sea. There was just a little moisture in the eyes of these lads as they honoured the toast, but

Hearts that never throbbed with fear, With tender thoughts were filled.

We wish the members of The Salvation Army We wish the members of the Salvation Army in Hyde to know haw much we appreciate their comrades out here, in their kindly services in oviding the room and waiting on the table. The Officers were like parents to us, and helped to make our little party a huge success. They



Found a lad at No. — Hospital, in answer to inquiry from his parents, who are very anxious about him. I am almost glad they can't see him; he has seventeen wounds. After being hit he was in such agony that he pleaded with his mate to shoot him; but, thauks to his mate to shoot him; but, thanks to the tender care of the nurses and the still of the doctors, I believe he may pull through, It was his birthday. He was just nineteen. Flowers by his bed and other little things showed that he about her forgotten. The cook at the hepital made him a cake, with the words-

"Private Bunker Was not a funker, But was a hero,"

in icing sugar! We were (avoured with a piece. He told us he had a longing for ginger ale. How well! remember wanting the same thing when! I was ill! They do not make it bere, but I was determined I would get some, even if I had to search the whole town for it, and I am glad to say I succeeded,

His regimental nickname was "Pimple." He had a round, bright, happy face—full of mischief and smiles. His story might be divided into three . He finds himself "Somewhere in France." 2. He finds his way to The Army Mut.
3. Last, but not least, he finds Salvation. Then a letter comes to us from the trenches:-

"I would give anything to get to a meeting. I am so glad I got converted that night. The Lord has helped and brought me through, although a lot of my mates have been killed in a bombardment; poor fellows, not a second's warning. It is a wet day—nowhere to go, nothing to do, and nothing to read! I wish I could get a War Cry." Then we get another message, saving and nothing to read. I will I could get a Worl Cry." Then we get another message, saying that Pimple has lost his Army ribhon (a piece I gave him when he got saved) and wants

The last chapter is quickly told; one of his mates, Comrade Ray, tells us that Pimple bas been killed. His head was blown off. But f been RHEG. FIRE TEAR WAS BOOMI OR. DRE I ought not to say the last chapter, because I am sure that for Pimple it is only a new beginning. He closed his last letter to us by saying. "I wish I could see you again." Well, as for me, f am sure we shall meet Pimple again,

This morning we went up to arrange about a special cross being creeted on the grave of one of our Salvationists. The usual scene was going

or on Saratanness. The usual scene was going on-early morning burials.

The ten men, firing party, stand on one side of the trench of graves. The different chaptains read the service. (We are the only civilians present.) It was a pathetic touch when some of the men joined in the Lord's Prayer. They rethe men joined in the Lord's Prayer. They re-versed arns, and the "Last Post" was sounded. No sooner had the sounds dide away than we heard the err of a woman. Such a wail I have seldom heard before; it seemed to chill our very souls. "Am I too late? Where is he?" she cried. I had seen grief, but never so distracted and uncontrolled.

Kneeling down in the mud, she clasped the coffin, containing all that was left of her husband, and in her frenzy called to him, "Oh, my darling, come back to me! How can I live for ever alone?" I knelt beside her, and, taking her hand, talked to her of the Hope beyond the hand, taked to her of the roope beyond the grave, but she almost seemed past human com-fort. In those few moments we felt as if we had lived weeks. The Brigadier looked pale and drawn, and we were truly a sad party that returned to breakfast this morning.

The Commissariat is great! In fact, it makes one marvel to consider the huge quantities of stores required. We have seen motor lorries by stores required. We have seen motor formes by the hundred, trainloads, and shiploads almost the hundred, trainloads, supplies for the men. Tommy is well looked after. The Army Service



Christmas Gifts for the Sick and Wounded Through War

presented us with souvenirs, Christmas eards from General Booth, and we placed our names on the back of each, and we are sending them to our nearest relatives as keepsakes. When the bugles recalled us that night we shook hands and parted, and before the sun rose this morning we were again on the road to T-. Yours,

(Signed) "IOE."

(Signed)
"Somewhere in France."

Found a Canadian boy at No. people are anxious to know exactly where he is wounded, but he was so bright and cheerful that it was rather a job to find out. "I guess there's not much the matter with me," was all he would say. Yet he has a horrid wound in the mead, another in his arm, and will most likely lose one parties mast counting! eyes, and has shrapped prints past counting! Sent him some fruit, and wrote his friends

Have just returned from one of the cemeteries, Have just returned from one of the cemeteries, the largest here. Was able to find a grave 1-desired to see, although the little white cross is not yet up. Placed on it a plant of white chry-santhemams for a loved one unable to be present. Only one amongst a great number, and yet that one representing a broken heart! Fresh green grass is growing on many of the graves. I like the simplicity of it all. Not much difference for the simplicity of it an. Not much difference for the officers, just a brown deal cross instead of a white one. They are truly soldiers' graves—I should want nothing more. The authorities are kind, and any wreaths sent across are placed on the actual grave indicated. I saw a paper one, now merely a bit of wet pulp, and yet it spoke norm merery a bit of wet pulp, and yet it spoke so tenderly of the absent loved ones. On another, an officer of the Cameron Highlanders, a little bit of white heather, now very faded. Card attached, "With Joving remembrances from all at bome."

I spent an hour last night at the railway sta-I spent an nour tast might at the randway sta-tion at — An ambulance train was in. How different from the usual scenes at a station! No passengers hurrying to and fro. No luggage; no porters; no taxis; except for the slow tread of the stretcher-hearers hardly any sounds at all. This is said to be the finest ambulance train in the world; cost \$150,000. I was able to look over it. It is heautifully fitted, white enamel paint, surgery, and kitchen; bunks one above the other, as on board ship. It carried four hundred cases. Some of these are still waiting to be unloaded, and look quite cumfortable. One part was reserved for Indians, Rolled up in their dark brown blankets, with their dark brown faces, I could not see them, except their white



Corps does wonders! Well, we shall soon need our own Army Service Corps for the Huts, etc. The quantities of provisions used at these places The quantities of provisions used at these places are growing vnormous. One almost becomes dizzy when one sees eggs being boiled in baths 500 at a time! The hops cannot wait—just time for a snack, and then off again! I just saw this morning a load of eggs, 4500, laken to one of our Huts—not enough to the provision of the provis wanted morel But nurse will be there in his last moments. there is a limit to most things. Yes, The Salvation Army Service Corps is a growing

Yesterday I took tea with the matron of one with the matron of one of the largest hospitals. She was so kind and sympathetic, and so thoughtful. I would say more about her if I dare. I am afraid she might see what I write might see what I write, and would not like it. Out here we have certainly amongst the best

of the nursing profession. Especially have I been charmed with the Canadians; they are

The other day I was holding the head of a dying lad while one of the nurses bandaged him. He was a Scottish lad, with no friends but ourselves no core who will be will be a set of the nurses of the nurse with the nurses of the nim. He was a Scottish ad, with no irlends but ourselves—no one who will ever raise a sigh when they read his name in the casualty list. How tender Nurse was with him! Surely, not even a mother's hand could have moved more even a mother's hand could have moved more gently or sympathetically. She tried hard to understand his incoherent sentences, and to each gave some soothing reply. Poor boy, before he was torn and mutilated he must have been a strong, fine-looking fellow. I laid his head—a fine head—tenderly back on the pillow. He will he head—tenderly back on the pillow. He will be to the pillow the pillow of the pillow. not, I fear, be long here—perhaps he is dying even while I write; if so, I am comforted on his behalf, for I feel sure the little Canadian

There is something about the condition and surroundings of the men at the front which draws from our Officers their very best. Our comrades are always hard at work, and it would be difficult to tell when they finish or when they begin their day's toil, for many of them go on half the night. In fact, the other morning one of our largest Huts, of which Adjutant and Mrs. of our largest. Huts, of which Adjutant and Min. Payme are in charge; was filled to overdowing. A colonel who had been watching our Officers, spontaneously addressed the men assembled in the following terms: "These Salvation Army people are really killing themselves with work for you fellows, and J am sure you with eonly too willing for me to order the Hut to be cleared for whiling for me to order the Hut to be cleared for the color of the same than the same than the properties of the same than the same than the properties of properties p

Adjutant Busby-who has turned his hand to everything, from conducting meetings to loading coal or frying egga-is in charge of one of our Hostels, and has worked unceasingly. I have

reostess, and has worked understangly. I note often heard him say, "For me it is never too late or too early to help a soldier."

I visited a young fellow in the hospital, who told me how, about four o'clock one cold, bleak morning, he found himself stranded, not having tasted food for thirty-six hours. There was no place open for him to get refreshments, but some one said to him, "Try The Salvation Army," which he did, to bis intense satisfaction. He told me that if he lives to be one hundred and fifty he will never forget the breakfast he had that morning! The Adjutant and his wife make sn morning! The Adjutant and its wife make an ideal couple, and they are always smilling—even after having fried eight hundred kippers for one morning's supply!

Chiu Shih Chun in

N MANY COUNTRIES of the world, at this time, Salvationists and Army friends are time, Salvationists and Army friends are anxious to know how the Work is going in China, and what are the prospects for The Salvation Army in that great Empire. That there is a bright future for The Army's Work in this country, the recent events and doings con-nected with the Pioneer Party clearly show. For some months the little party, consisting of

For some months the little party, consisting of six (Effects, has been assiduously studying the language, customs, and ways of the Chinese, and had no intention of doing any public work until the fall of the year, when the excessively custom the control of the passed, angued. Such, lower than the passed, and the passed in the passed of however, has been the interest created amongst the Chinese by the presence of our Officers in their midst, and the knowledge that the "Chiu Shih Chun" (Salvation Army) had arrived, that frequent requests were made for meetings to be held. These requests were, for a time, evalued that the compound of the proposed the compound of the proposed their intense of the compound of the co desire to get converted and join The Salvation

For the moment studies and other affairs were laid on one side, and, assembled in the office, Staff-Captain Chard and Adjutant Briner carefully explained to the earnest enquirers the fully explained to the earnest enquirers the simple way of Salvation, The Army, its purposes and aims. Fully convinced of the sincerity of their desire to follow Christ, the little company was by the Officers both unitedly and individually prayed with, and, with such help and guidance as could be given, each one was led to pray for himself and seek the mercy of God. It was truly a lovely sight to witness these for young men praying and entreating to these them the control of the sight of the control of the cont

followed, and regular meetings were at once arranged for the young converts and others who might desire to attend, Having no Hall, these meetings were held in the office, dining-room, or courtyard, according to the number assembled and our power to accommodate,

and our power to accommodate.

Beautiful meetings were held, people coming from all parts of the city to attend; and, during the first few weeks, no less than cighteen sought and professed to find Salvation. The testimonies given by the new converts at the meetings and the desire evinced for the Salvation of their fellows, spoke well for The Army spirit having taken possession of them. The work continuing to increase, practically without any effort on the part of the Officers concerned, steps had to be

"Chiu Shih Chun" is Chinese for Salvation Army and the following highly interesting account of the opening of the Army's first Hall, the presentation of the first Flag, and the swearing in of the first Soldiers in China has been sent to us by Staff-Captain Chard, who in the absence of Colonel Rothwell is in charge of the pioneer party.

taken to secure a Hall or meeting-place in which to hold the services. Notwithstanding the diligent search made, no Hall was procurable, so at last an old stable adjusting the Officers' Compound was taken in hand, reconstructed, cleaned, and renovated, and thus provided a nice Hall, which, with new seats, was just the thing

frain, which, with new seats, was just six for Army meetings.

The opening service conducted by me, was a time of special rejoicing, and, in spite of the great heat, a good crowd assembled. Another great near, a good crowd assembled. Another feature of the meeting, and cause for further re-joicing, was the presentation of Colours to the Peking Corps, when opportunity was again take to impress upon the little band of Salvationists to impress upon the little band of Savasionisthe principles for which our Flag stands, and the teachings of The Salvation Army. Following the presentation of Colours came the swearing-in of Soldiers. They were solemn moments, and earnest were the words addressed to the three earnest were the words addressed to the inter-new Soldiers standing in line on the platform under the new Flag, and great were the hopes and fervent the prayers of the Pioneer Officers that these our first Soldiers would prove faithful followers of the Blood and Fire, the first of a mighty Army in China. We are confident this meeting will long live in the memory of the new Salvatlonies as the consideration.

meeting will long live in the memory of the new Salvationists, as the occasion of the opening of our first Hall, the presentation of the first Flag, and the swearing-in of the first Soldiers in China. Thus the work has continged, each week bringing fresh people to the meetings and souls to the Penitent Form. Converts are getting into uni-form, and open-air meetings are now held in different parts of the city, when the crowds simply press upon us to hear the message. An encouraging work has been commenced among the children; other meetings heing held for women; while the visitation of our women

Officers with medical and other ministrations has been much appreciated by the people.

nas been much appreciated by the people.

At the present time we have three Cadets in
Training for Officership, who are making excellent progress with their studies, and give good
promise for the future.

Good and noble work has been accomplished by the many Missionaries who have laboured sh faithfully for so many years, and The Army is not slow in recognizing the valuable work that not slow in recognizing the valuable work that has been done; but, compared with the work yet to be done for God in China, the fringe has hardly been touched; and at no time and in an place were the words of Christ possessed will greater truth and meaning—The harvest tuly is plenteous, but the labourers are few—than in China.

Civilization has done much and made many advances in the larger cities; Western methods and ideas have been extensively adopted; but for all that, on every hand, the people are dwelling in gross darkness, and, alast in general, are not seeking the light—having many religions, but not seeking the light-naving many religions, but incore lighting the seeking t and living on but a few coppers each day, the masses of China are engrossed with things temporal, having neither time nor inclination to hink of higher things.

The teachings handed down by the sages inculcate a high standard of morality; yet on every hand we find men living lives in direct opposition to these teachings; with corruption, vice, and to these teachings; with corruption, vice, and deception permeating all circles of society. The people worship their idols and offer sacrifices, but have no faith in the gods worshipped, and contrive in a variety of ways to deceive even their gods. their gods.

The power of the devil and evil spirits is cer-The power of the devil and evil spirits is extrainty the most recognized and feared spiritifluence among the Chinese, and occasions his chief concerns or feat. How terrible the work of the devil really is, mone but those familiar with the East can underly for in these heather countries Satan manifests his fearful power and

countries Satan manifests his fearful power and does his work in a manner he would never dar-in Western and enlightened lands. Fully realizing the might and force of these fearling the might and force of these circumstances, The Salvation Army is full of faith and confident in the Open China's million, as the hope, and only how or China's million, for that the U.The Army Posse forward to bring fear and fly, The Army goes forward to hing His Light to the millions now sitting in dark-ness. GOD SAVE CHINAI

ALONE IN A BIG CITY

THE SUN had just dropped behind the western mountain, leaving the little Arkansan town of Shenston bathed in a flood of golden twilight. Around the curve came the Chicago Around the curve came the Chicago Flyer, a veritable line of rolling palaces, a mobile monument to the evolution of mod-ern commercialism. There was nothing unusual about this train for each alternate day, she and her sister Flyer, with a shrill whistle of warning, swept through Shenston on their way to Northern and Eastern points.

Shenston was the home town of a young girl who, at that moment, was scated in a special apartment in one of the pullman palaces of this train. She had boarded it at a water-tank depot ten miles farther west, few hours before. As the Flyer whirled through the little town she peered through a tiny opening in the carefully-screened winat her home town. Is there any wonder that tears should have welled her eyes as she turned her back on the little place wrapped with a thousand associations of childhood and girlhood that endeared it to her heart? Her clums, her friends, and an infinite number of other ties, including her home, all of which she was now secretly leaving for all

ARRIVAL IN TORONTO

Her escort-a man-had two tickets, each a half yard of yellow paper, divided into cou-pons, the last of each reading "From Chicago to Toronto." The journey was tedious and wearisome, too. Let us call her Winnie, although this was not her name. Her hrain was a bewilderment of confusion and conflicting thoughts. Turning away from her own little world she wondered—yes, feared for the new. Canada, she had heard of it as a bleak and snow-clad country to the far north of her own State. Oh, if she could separate the past from the future, the future

separate the past from the tuture, the future so full of uncertainty.

With a head bursting with such thoughts, in due time the connecting train pulled into the Union Depot, and Winnie, with her escort, went directly to one of the large down-town hotels. The bleak, cutting March wind, the snow and slush of the street were anything but a comforting greeting to her already-wearied brain. Her escort engaged accommoda-tion for her for one week, and, after telling her

tion for her lot one week, and, after telling her that at the expiration of that time more money would be forwarded her, he departed. Poor Winnie! What a week of anguish! Alone in a big city—the awful loneliness of a crowded and bustling city. Everything so new and different from the quiet environments of her the control of the contro tion of awkwardness to her unsouhisticated and sensitive mind. And all this intensified her own mental troubles. Alone with her misery. Not a misery of Physical suffering, but one of mental

anguish and awful loneliness and home-sickness.

So the week dragged past. The second week was well on its way, but nn money had arrived was well on its way, but nn money had arrived, the teeling of being alone had given place to fars of desertion. Thoughts of "Oh, what shall I do! What can I do! What the II do!" pressed down upon her almost to the point of desperation. Suddenly she thought of that world-wide, well-advertised institution, The Salvation Area, and with the suddenly statement of the suddenly statemen vation Army, and with not a moment's hesitation she went to them.

Winnis possessed a pleasing appearance, for she was well dressed, well mannered, and nicely featured. Her face, though saddened, indicated good health. The cordial, warm reception of the Superintendent was to her a welcome contrast to the hotel environment of the past week.

WINNIE'S EXPLANATION

As all applicants for admission to the Home as all applicants for admission to the moue must give a reason for their application, Winnie explained that she had here keeping company with a young man and had gotten into trouble with him. They had arranged that she should come here but after her arrival she had discovered that her fears were groundless. Not wishfrom the rears were groundless. Not wishing to return she was desirous of ohtaining employment. Unfortunately she had neither money nor riends in the city, and had no place to remain while seeking work.



To the experienced eye and car of the Superintendent, this story was lacking in plausahility. But with that characteristic wisdom that is also born of experience, she gave no sign of doubt to Winnie, and extended a welcome genuine and sincere, and told her she could remain with them whether she had money or not, until she suc-ceeded in obtaining employment. She could not, however, lend The Army's name or give any recommendations in securing employment until she knew more about her.

A HEART-BROKEN CONFESSION

For some reason Winnic's search for work proved fruitless. The watchful eye of the Super-intendent was ever on her. Each day when she returned she noticed her face grew sadder and sadder. Finally she came in with a look approach-ing despair and immediately repaired to her room. The Superintendent noticing her, shortly followed. Finding her in tears, she tenderly, kindly, yes, even motherly, stroked her forehead, and said: "Winnie, I do not believe you told me the truth about yourself when you came here."
With a breaking heart, poor Winnie replied: "No, dear Superintendent, I did not; but I shall

The Superintendent bathed her heated face, then sat beside the bed and listened while Winnic, between sobs, in short, staccato sen-tences, told her story:—
"I lived in Shenston, a little place in Arkansas,

with my brother and his wife, who were excep-tionally kind and good to me. My mother and father died when I was a child. I have a good education and was employed as stenographer with a firm there. I met a man named Watson, a new a firm there, I met a man named watton, a new arrival, and began keeping company with him. I grew very fond of him, in fact, grew to love him. I then discovered he was married, but we him. I then discovered he was married, but we had gone so far he would not consent to my letting him go. As it was not generally known he was married, I kept on. One day he took me on an excursion into a neighhouring State, where he aecomplished the end for which I now see he sought my love.

"This clandestine relationship we kept up for some time, until my sister-in-law in some man-ner became wise to it. Horrified, she confronted

A CHAPTER FROM A GIRL'S LIFE :: ::

me, and I confessed and promised to desist if she would not tell my hrother, whom I greatly feared."

Here Winnie broke down, unable to pro-

ceed, but with the comforting presence and sympathy of the Superintendent, she was soon able to continue. She deviated from the subject with a justifying interpolation: "Oh, Superintendent, J am not bad. Please do not think me bad. You cannot know. No one can know my position who has not been enslaved with the chains of love. Oh, their power for good or bad, for right or wrong Please do not judge me harshly." Here the Superintendent took the opportunity to imand Son for her and all mankind. Then Winnie continued:-

THE WHITE SLAVE LAW

"I kept my promise to my sister-in-law, and she was, Oh, so good to me, I had no more to do with this man, As time rolled on his Dr. Jeekyl and Mr. Hyde existence became more known. I was not the only victim of his winsome deceit and lustful love. The authorities got knowledge of his doings and instituted proceedings. By some means the detective secured my name, and I was to he the most important witness, because, un-fortunately for him, he had taken me out of the State, which brought him under the White Slave Law."

"Realizing the awful disgrace of this affair, he became frantic to keep it from his wife and family. His attorney sent for me and made all sorts of overtures for me to leave made all sorts of overtures for me to leave the country. They pictured my disgrace and ruin if I did not. My picture in all the big city papers. My friends would disown me. My brother and his family disgraced. My name heralded all over America as the willing tool of this man. So, finally, they offered to send me to Toronto to a ladies' college and pay all my expenses and furnish me with all the money I needed. Anxious to further my education, and with an intense fear

of publicity, I consented to go, for I knew he was wealthy and could afford to send me. So, secretly, I was brought here by an escort and left at the hotel. Oh, that awful week at the hotel. Shall I ever forget it? When the money failed to arrive I was at my wits' end, so f came to you. You know the rest," Then Winnie lapsed into a spell of sobbing that was heart-

breaking to hear.

The Superintendent knew too well the ring of genuineness of this story. She also knew that there are a thousand Shenstons and a thousand Watsons on this continent waiting for a thousand Winnies. She also knew that there were

too few courts to reach such as he. And right here that big, benevolent, tender-hearted institution, The Salvation Army, stepped into a mother's shoes and enfolded Winnie within the loving care and powerful protection of its maternal embrace. The Superintendent's kindly assurances gave Winnie new confidences, new hopes, and new life. She should now remain with them without further worry until the matter was settled

The Superintendent took the case up with the morality department, but they felt it was beyond their jurisdiction. But should money be sent or an agent of Watson arrive to communicate with them?

WATSON SKIPPED OUT

In the meantime. Watson skipped out to avoid trial, was followed, arrested, and returned. In a short time his attorney arrived personally in Toronto tu take Winnie back with him. As the Superintendent left Winnie's address at the hotel he came to see her. He explained to the Superintendent that he was Winnie's friend. He had come personally to take her home with him. With plausible excuses for not having sent money, he said he had brought money for her.

But experience has even taught the Superintendent some points of common law, and a few carelessly-asked questions caught the attorney in his own trap. He then became boisterous, Have you ever seen a lawyer in a losing game try to impress a woman with his great importance? Have you ever seen (Concluded on Page 30)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY MALTESETROMANCE A STIRRING STORY of MILITARY LIFE SOULS SALVATION.

INTRODUCTORY

THE ISLAND OF MALTA, which is the scene of the major part of the ineidents in this story, lies in the narrowest part of the Mediterranean Sea, half-way between Gibraltar and Port Said. Sixty miles to the north is the southern shore of Sicily, whose huge, snow-capped volcanic peak, Mount Etna, can dimly be discerned on a clear day. Malta, which is a very small dot on the map of the world, only measures seventeen miles in length by nine in breadth, having an area of ninety-five square miles. On this limited space is packed about one hundred and seventy thousand human beings, or 1.820 to the square mile; thus making Malta the most-densely-populated country of Europe.

The people are intensely devoted to their land, and in spite of the fact that many thousands are living all the time on the edge of the direst poverty, those who are compelled to emigrate do so with the greatest reluctance. In fact, it is related that a party once reached a foreign shore, but when a certain festa day came round, they so missed the usual holiday, with its accompaniment of bell-ringing, religious processions, and fireworks, that they laid down their tools and took the next boat for home-though they were earning what the average Maltese would consider fabulous wages.

With insular pride, the Maltese refer to their island home as "The Flower of the World" and "The Gem of the Mediterranean." Of course. never having seen any other country, they may be pardoned for entertaining such high notions of it. The visitor is not so impressed, however, and at first sight is apt to come to the conclusion that "Britaiu's dust heap," as some facetious wag once dubbed it, more fitly describes the place. The truth, perhaps, lies between these two extremes.

In features and complexion the Maltese somewhat resemble the southern Italians. Their lauguage is a mixture of Arabic and Italian. In religion the Maltese are, almost without exception, devout Roman Catholics, and the gorgeous Cathedrals and Churches and wayside shrines that can be seen everywhere testify eloquently to their attachment to their faith

A large British garrison, consisting of some ten thousand men in times of peace, is constantly maintained on the island. The relations of the soldiers with the people are, on the whole, of the most friendly sort, though now and again misunderstandings occur and little individual quarrels take place. Occasionally most romantic courtships are carried on between the British Tommies and the pretty, dark-eyed Maltese maidens, ending up in many a soldier getting a very good wife, ft is with a romance of this description that the greater part of our story has to do, and the fact that it does not end up in the conventional manner only serves to make it more interesting. The whole forms a stirring wordpicture, in which jealousy, revenge, and treachery are the darker shades, while love, religion, and

the strong, disinterested friendship of a Salvationist are the highlights.

Having now sketched in our background, as it were, we will proceed to introduce the various characters. We will portray them no worse or no better than they really were: our aim being to present a picture true to life. If, as Alexander Pone has said, the proper study of mankind is man, then the following story will be full of interest and instruction to those who read.

CHAPTER I.

TWO SOLDIER LADS

GUNNER GEORGE STANTON, of the Royal Artillery, was sitting on the edge of his cot in the Tigne Barracks, Malta, reading a letter from home, when Gunner Joe Brown, his particular chum, came into the room.

"Hello, George!" called but the latter cheerily, "more letters from the Homeland, ch? You seem to get plenty of them, old chap. What a voluminous correspondent you must he. Say, see you getting such a mail every week. I wish I

had some one to write to me." "Well, it's your own fault that they don't, you scallywag," replied George, with a laugh. "Just you let certain folks know where you are, and see how quick a whole batch of correspondence

would reach you. loc's face clouded for an instant," "Say no nore, George, he said, "you know it's a natural subject for me. I'd rive a whole lot if I only dared to let my people know my whereabout, but, still, what's done is done, and it can't be helped; so I'm not going to make myself miserneigher so I m not going to make myself inser-able by brooding over what might have heen. Say, what I came around to see you about was whether you are going into La Vallette this afternoon to see the Carnival. The natives have a high old time. I understand, and there's music. dancing, and fun galore, with a grand fireworks display as a finale, L t's go and have

"I'm with you, pard," replied George, "Look here, the pater sent me a fivepresent—to buy some luxuries for myself, he says in his letter. I'm going to get some of those Multese novelties we were looking at the other day, though, and send them home to mother and the girls. They'll he delighted with 'em, and

we'll have on interesting hour or so in making the bargains with there funny old shopkeeners, Look sharo. and get ready. Joe!"

He pulled down his belt from its peg and commenced to polish the huckle, while Joe hurried off to make similar preparations.

And now, perhaps it is time to further introduce these two characters to our

George Stanton was a young fellow about twenty years of age: a tall, handsome, fresh-complexioned Englishman. He was the only soo of well-to-do parents, living in one of the large towns of the English Midlands, and his collatment had been a bitter blow to them. His father had planned a business career for George, and nau planned a usualess career for occupe, and was watching his progress with considerable satisfaction, when his hopes were dashed to the ground by the receipt of a telegram containing the news that his son had gone for to be a so-dier. The frantic father hurried to the recruiting depot and offered to buy his son's discharge, but only go away to another part of the country and

enlist in some other regiment,
"This will break your mother's heart, my boy,"
said Stanton Senior, in a last attempt to persuade his son to abandon military life.

"I'm sorry, dad," was the reply; "but my mind is firmly made up. Tell mother that a military career is far more likely to make a real man of me than a sedentary office life is. I'll try to be a credit to you and win promotion, and perhaps, after all, you won't regret that I gave seven years of my life to the service of my country for the honour of the old flag."

"Aye, you've struck the right note there, lad,"



"Gunner Brown came into the room

replied the father. "For the bonour of the old flag! Some one has to fight Britain's battles, and if my son feels the call, why should I try to hold him back. I have no more to say, George, my son; go and do your share in upholding the honour of the good old Union Jack, whether in

peace or war."

peace or war."

Whereupon father and son parted, not in anger, but with high hope on George's part, and with patient resignation to the inevitable, coupled with patient resignation to the inevitable, coupled perhaps—with a secret pride that his boy was showing a manly spirit, on the part of his sirc. The real, and only, reason for the course

George had taken was given in bis absert to his father. Love of adventure was strong within him: he had a desire to travel, to see life, to mix with all sorts and conditions of men, and the these longings. Office life became more and more

these longings. Office life became mot and more distasteful to him every thought and finally he made up his mind mover the life he preferred. And, after all, in doing to the life he preferred. And, after all, in doing so, he was only following the condition of the British race, which has said its daring spirit. Where would our Empire be to-day if Britishers had not gone forth as pinners, explorers, traders, and missionaries to all parts of the globe, carrying with them evillating and Christian infonceres?

Anences?

Thus George became a gunner in the Royal Artillery, and, six months later, when he had learned his recruit drills, was drafted out to Malta to do garrison duty.

Joe Brown was a member of the ship that conveyed them to Malta ship that conveyed them to Maria that he and George struck up an acquaintance. The two young men soon discovered in each other a kindred spirit; both were cultured and well-read above the ordinary can of the enlisted man; both had similar tastes and dispositions: and thus it was but natural that they became bosom friends. Little by little, as they exchanged confidences, George got to know the past history of Joe Brown, and many an bour passed pleasantly as he listened in wonder to the strange tales told by the latter. For the strange tales told by the latter. For the strange tales told by the latter. Joe, though only a few years the senior of George, had managed to pack his life full of adventures such as most people only read about, and as he had a most fascinating way of relating bis experiences, he was a most agreeable and entertaining companion.

entertaining companion.

He was an American by birth: a native of the State of West Virginia. His father, a veteran of the Uvil War and moderately wealthy, had given Joe a liberal education, with the view of making him an officer in the United States cavalry. Young Joe got into serious trouble at college, however, reckoned he had disgraced the family, and so may away and enlisted as a private was the serious trouble and a serious entire the serious control of the serious trouble and disgraced the family, and so may an away and enlisted as a private control of the serious control of the seri ran away and enlisted as a private in one of Uncle Sam's infantry egiments. He was sent to a lonely fort in Dakota; miles away from civilization, where the monotony of the life made him so unutterably

sick of soldiering under such con-ditions that he made up his mind to desert. Though it was in the dead of winter and the snow lough it was in the dead of winter and the snow by deep on the prairies, and the cold was intensely piercing, he started out one night for the Causdian border, braving the dangers of blizards, wolves, exhaustion, and freezing. All four he encountered on the long journey, and the story of how he successfully overcame them iall and finally resulted the friendly shelter of a definally resulted. and finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hat, was one that George was never tired of listening to, for at each re-telling Joe recollected fresh details that he had over-looked before. In Canada he wandered from place to place, working in the mines of British Columbia, on the railways of the Wast 1997.

the railways of the West, in the lumber woods of Northern Ontario, on the Great Lake freighters ss a deckhand, and in various cities as a teametr, bartender, labourer, or anything that came his way. Finally he worked his way across the Allantic on a cattleboat and enlisted in the British Army. For over five years he had held no communication with his folks at home, being as a deserter and thus practically an outest from his native land.

"No doubt they think me dead," he would sometimes say to George in a somewhat bitter tone; "but p'raps it's better so. My poor old dad often used to tell me he'd sooner see a son of his dead than dishonoured. And beyond a doubt he'd tell me I've dishonoured Old Glory by deserting from it. Very strict notions of honour some of the old Civil War veterans have, you know. Pity their sons don't follow in their footsteps, ain't it? If this battery ever goes on active service, though, I'll try hard to make the old dad proud of his boy yet." And when Joe would speak thus, George often noticed that his eyes

grew moist.

Having now given a brief outline of the careers of these two young soldiers up to the time our story opens, we will proceed to give a description of the events on the day they went to the Carnival in La Vallette.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE CARNIVAL

THE CITY OF VALLETTA is the capital of the Island of Malta. It is built on a rocky promontory which divides one of the finest har-



"He finally reached the friendly shelter of a Canadian settler's hut"

bours of the world into two parts. The original intention of the builders of the city was to level off this promontory, but as they were constantly exposed to attacks from the Turks, then the most-dreaded power in the Mediterranean, they had to abandon the idea and build as best they could on the steep hillsides, while devoting their chief efforts to the erection of massive fortificacher efforts to the erection of massive fortinea-tions rising sheer from the sea to a height of two hundred feet or more. Thus we find that there is only one level street of any length in the whole city—Strada Reale, which runs along the top of the mountain. All the side streets,

the top of the mountain. All the suce streets, sloping sharply down to the water on either side, are simply long flights of steps.

Everything in this medieval city reminds one of the past—in fact, it may be said to be a mountain the succession of the past—in fact, it may be said to be a mountain the said to be a mountain to be said to be a mountain the said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a mountain the said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a said to be a mountain the said to be a ment to its former greatness. In the newer cities of the world, say, in Western Canada, one is made to feel that everyone looks forward to the future as a time of greater development and prosperity. In Valletta one talks of the glorious days of old, when the Knights of St. John held sway, and when the Knights of St. John held sway, and when the chivalry of Europe congre-gated there to take part in driving back the infidel. The Auberges, or places of residence of the knights still remain in an excellent condition; their names indicating the nationality of those who formerly lodged there. Thus there is the Auberge d'Italie, Auberge d'Aragon, Auberge de France, and, most famous of all, the Auberge de Castille, where the haughty Knights of Spain once held high revel.

In the Museum at the Governor's Palace are many interesting relics of the terrible siege the city endured in the sixteenth century, when forty thousand Turks beset it night and day for two months. After losing three-fourths of his force, the Turkish Commander gave up the attempt to capture the eity. Of the gallant knights, how-ever, who so stubbornly defended their possessions, only six hundred remained capable of bearing arms

bearing arms.

An old carriage once used by Napoleon Bona-parte reminds one of the French occupation.

The power of the knights had sadly declined when the famous Corsican appeared on the scene, and he took the city without a struggle. Three months after his departure, however, the was besieged by the Maltese, aided by a force of English. At the end of two years the French

commander eapitulated: but during the incessant combats no fewer than twenty thousand Mal-tesc perished. When the Napo-leonic wars ended, Malta was ceded

"... And England's pennon лоw Waves proudly o'er St. E'mo's

castled brow." These little glimpses into the what a very interesting old city Valletta is. As may be imagined, two intelligent and observant young men such as George Stanton and Joe Brown, were quite fascinated with all they saw and heard in such a place, and most of their spare time was occupied in exploring its nooks and crannies and mingling with the cosmopolitan crowds on the streets.

tan crowds on the streets.

Now, once a year, it is the fashion in Malta to hold a great
Carnival just previous to the Lenten season. The streets are gaily decorated with banners and stream ers: fairy lamps are strung in long strings from pole to pole; band their music the people dance and play in the public squares, and to frolic all the livelong day. Gay parties of masqueraders are to be seen everywhere at Carnival time, throwing confetti and sweetmeats throwing contetts and sweetmeats over the passers-by and often sur-rounding some unfortunate victim and belabouring him with tam-bourines and specially-contrived flappers. If he is sensible he takes it all in good part, but woe to him if he loses his temper and tries to retaliate. He is bundled unceremoniously into the dust, and the laughing, mischievous gang goes on to seek other victims.

It is a time of wild excitement,

of childish horse-play; a period of unrestrained frolic and fun, when liberties are taken that would not

be thought of at any other time.

Into the midst of scenes such as we have described came George and Joe, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the merriment was at its height. It was with difficulty that they pushed their way down Strada Reale, so crowded was that thoroughfare with the revellers. Thousands of people from the many towns in the immediate vicinity, as well as numbers of country folk, had assembled in the capital on this try folk, had assembled in the capital on this day—which apparently was the great day of the feast. The majority of the women were dressed in the national eostume, the distinguishing feature of which is the faldetta—a black hood arched over the head with a strip of whatbone and falling to the waist. Many were decked out in gayer colours, however, and here and there could be seen little groups of fallets dressed in the styles of Paris and Londolth vers Yunday.

The men were also out in their very Sunday best, the marked features of their costume being the peculiar-shaped soft felt hats, the gorgeous waistcoats, and the yards and yards of waist-band which did duty instead of braces. Numbers of priests were also conspicuous in the throng, garbed in long black gowns and broad-brimmed hats; while the bright red coats and white hel-

mets of the British infantrymen, the hlue and gold tunics of the artillerymen, and the round caps and blue jumpers of numerous jolly Jack Tars, served to complete this moving mosaic of life and colour.

In the great square before the Governor's Palace a lively dance was in progress. Scores of youths and maidens, holding each others' hands, were skipping about in a huge circle to the quick music of a band, very much after the fashion of children playing "Here we go 'round the mul-berry bush." It was a scene of innocent merriand George and Joe looked on for a long while in genuine enjoyment at seeing others so

happy.
"It reminds me of things I've read about con-cerning the old-time May Day Festival in Merry

England," said George.
"That so?" said Joe. "Well, I was just thinking that it was a similar sort of affair to a darkies' holiday down in the Southern States. These holiday down in the Southern States. These folks here know how to enjoy themselves, don't they? 'Pon my word, the jolity is really infectious, and I'd join in the dance myself if it wasn't for the danger of hurting the susceptibilities of our Maltese friends. If I went and took hold of that pretty little Signora's hand over there, for instance, no doubt some swarthy Antonio would consider it an unwarranted intrasion of a foreigner, and stick me in the ribs with

"Yes, and the old Provost Sergeant over there would quickly have you marched off to the Main Guard," said George. "It doesn't do for British soldiers to get too free with the native population of any place. If they do they are ground be-tween the upper and nether milistones of popular resentment and official strictness." Quite right, too," said Joe. "I can well understand that. If now, for instance, the United

States was conquered by some other nation and foreign garrisons were planted in our chief eities, think of what a hullabaloo I should raise if a strange soldier tried to kiss my sister."
"I can imagine that there'd be a lively scrap."

said George. "You can het your bottom dollar on that!" was loe's reply.

A few hours later an incident occurred which singularly illustrated the fact that George had stated, namely, that it is a very unwise thing for British troops to get too familiar with the natives, when on foreign service. [The next instalment of this story will describe

how George defended a Maltese girl from insult and incurred the ennity of Corporal Smith.]

ALONE IN A BIG CITY

(Continued from Page 27)

a lawyer play the game of bluff when he has nothing to play it with? If so, then you saw this self-important individual pacing up and down the room in vain effort to overcome his chagrin at being beaten at every turn by a woman, and that after coming hundreds of miles to accomplish his mission

The Superintendent quietly told him to return to his botel, and she would give him her answer at six o'clock, after consulting the matter with Winnie. This gave her time to consult the morality department again. They advised by all means, not to let Winnie return with him. That in all likelihood his intention was to take her to some secret place beyond the reach of State officials. They also advised to communicate with the proper authorities and have them come

During her absence the lawyer got busy and got in touch with Winnie over the telephone and persuaded her to return with him. This she communicated to the Superintendent on her return from the department. She replied:—

"Yes, Winnie, you are going back, but not with this man. Remember, you are a very material witness against, not for, this man's client. They want you for no good. When you return it will be with the proper authorities, but not with

The Superintendent then called up the lawyer and told him her decision. He showed indepenand tota mm ner accision. He showed indepen-dence, then fury, then rage. He said he was Winnie's friend and, wanted to help her. In proof of this he had left money for her at the hotel which she as the Sunanties. hotel which she or the Superintendent could get at any time. Later investigation proved that \$10 had been left to be delivered on condition that Winnie accompanied the Superintendent and produced a railway ticket for her return home. A few days later a State Officer came for Winnie, and she returned to Buffalo with him. where she remained in his care until the proper

time for her appearance in court at Shenston.

Here she was quite beyond the reach of Watson and his emissaries.

In the meantime, Watson's attorney, realizing the helplessness of his case, and the utter folly of fighting it, advised his client to throw himself on the mercy of the court and plead guilty. This he did, with the result that Winnie was not called as a witness, and he was sentenced to one year and a day's imprisonment and fined two thousand five hundred dollars.

Just one month from the day Winnie peered through the window of the Chicago Flyer, taking the last look at her little home town, she alighted at the depot-machanged girl. With a big, strong, determined, and resolute heart backing a purpose to champion the right and live down the stigma of the past, she has prepared to meet her friends. And they greeted and welcomed her.

Frequent letters from Winnie bear indisputable testimony of the appreciation of the Super-intendent's efforts in her behalf, and of the keeping and sustaining grace to which she was directed, and which is such a monument of strength to her in her colossal fight against the stigma of which she is but the innocent victim.—Virginia Parr in the "Toronto Sunday World."

SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAINS WITH THE C. E. F. OVERSEAS

(Continued from Page 9)

the other men, have had very little time for the other men, have had very little time for service, except when on leave, and as from ninety to nicety-five per cent. of them are Old Country boys, they like to go and help in the old home Corps. I am attached to a camp where the training has been very hard for the men. work. We have sent thousands away in drafts, work. We have sent tousanus away in draits, and recently we sent over a whole division—twenty thousand men. But in spite of the hard training, we have had some good spiritual times, and souls have been won for God."

"We are now husy getting ready for the new division, and I am pleased to say we have had a splendid start. Thousands of men have already arrived, and yesterday (Sunday, Aug. 20th) was a great day. In the morning Laddressed a splen-did congregation; in the afternoon a welcome tea was provided for Salvation Army men. After tea I gave an address to our own men and others tea I gave an address to our own men and others o being careful where they go and the avoiding of temptations that many have fallen into. At 6.30 we had a Salvation Army meeting, with a full Hall, and four men seeking Christ."

"To-day I attended a Chaplains' Council at 10.30 a.m., where was discussed matter with reference to the best plan for getting at the men.
After the meeting was over I arranged with Sergeant Carroll of the 51st Band (the Adjutant has three sons with the colours) to give an after-noon Musical Festival at the hospital for the sick noon Musical restival at the hospital for the sick and wounded—there being three convoys of the latter brought here recently. It was a wonderful and pathetic sight. Some of the men were on crutches, others on beds, or in Bath chairs. A number of nurses and doctors enjoyed what they called a treat. I also gave each wounded boy a bar of good toffee, which they appreciated very much. To-night I have a prayer meeting in my room, but I am afraid, after last night's service, we shall need a bigger one."

Captain Charles Kimmins has been a Chaplain-Captain since May, 1915, during which time he has been stationed at the following camps: on-the-Lake, Exhibition Camp (Toronto), and Camp Borden. It is probable that by

to), and Camp Borden. It is probable that by the time this appears in print he, too, will be overseas; but at the time of writing the Captain is at Camp Borden, attached to the Divisional Headquarters as Assistant Camp Chaplain. On Sunday morning the Captain assists at the official Church Parade, after which he conducts a Holiness meeting with those of the three hun-dred Salvationists who are in the camp. If The Army had a separate service the Captain says that fifteen hundred Salvationists and Adherents could be mustered. These meetings are a great inspiration to the Salvationist soldiers. In the afternoon he conducts a service with the inmates of the military prison; and later in the afteror the mutary prison; and later in the after-noon and evening open-air meetings are held; also one during the week. Meetings, of course, have to be adjusted to the routine and duties of the camp; but in yarious ways the Salvationists keep the dear old Red, Yellow, and Blue floating the breeze. Captain Kimmins is very well thought of by the officers and the men, and is doing a very useful and necessary work,

CHRIST THE ENNOBLER

(Continued from Page 10)

absence and the black eye, so that he should not expose the conduct of his parents and whose only concern was that the Sergeant should not think that he himself had fallen from grace and dishonoured his Christ. The love of Christ constrained him to forgive and to nobly shield those who had done him wrong.

Or the converted burglar, who, one Sunday evening, while he was at an Army meeting, had his own house burgled and his valuables cleaned There were circumstances about the case which made it necessary that the police should be informed of the robbery, and the house he informed of the industry and the nouse hreaker was in consequence arrested. While the prisoner was in jail on remand our converted criminal paid him a visit. They found a way to each other's confidence, and the prisoner under remand confessed that it was he who had robbe the ex-burglar's home.

The prisoner had been a petty officer in the Royal Navy and had left the service with a fine record and a substantial pension, but drink sep-arated him from his wife, his home, his pension, and his character, and he had become so desperate that he had taken to crime.

The ex-criminal told his own story and what Christ had done for him, with the result that the prisoner desired to experience the same change, and together in the cell they knelt in prayer, and the saved burglar besought Christ to pardon the penitent thief,

The prisoner was convicted and sent to prison for twelve months, but the ex-burglar kept in close touch with him, and got The Salvation Army interested in the case, with the result that he is now a follower of Christ, is re-united to his wife and family; the Admiralty has restored to him his pension, and he is one of the happies

It was Christ Who inspired the ex-burglar to

It was Christ Who inspired the ex-burgiar to his nobility of conduct.

Reader, whether you be on the tented field, in the muddy trench, or on the ship's deck; whether in the humdrum workshop, or enduring the carking cares and domestic worries of the home. Christ the Ennobler can inspire you and give you grace to do noble deeds. They may never appear in the newspapers on earth, but they will be recorded in Heaven.

Also remember this:—
The Sacred Cave of the Nativity was once the

abode of cattle.

The Cross—now the badge of honour—was once the emblem of shame.

That St. Paul, glorious martyr and shinle saint, was once regarded as a pestilent fellow.

That the Founder of The Salvation Army. nourned by a world, was once reviled of men. That Christ, now sitting at the right hand of

God, was numbered among the transgressors and crucified between thieves That all who will lively Godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.

So don't worry if the marching is heavy going. the narrow path will lead you to victory.

Don't give up if the Cross breaks the skin on your shoulder. It will become a badge of glory

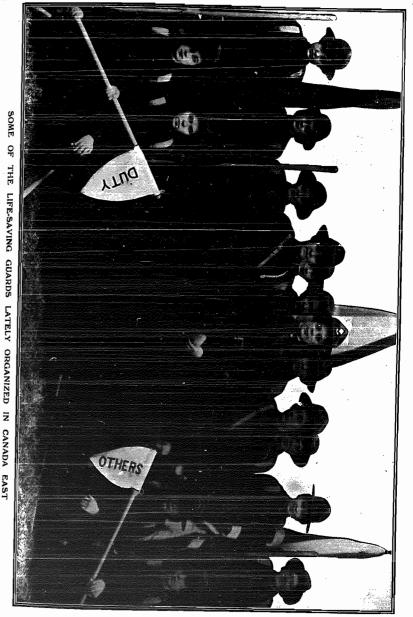
your shoulder. It will be suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Hallelujah!
A Happy Christmas to all! and let us, like the Wisc Men of old, give gifts to the Christ King -the gift of our whole affection.

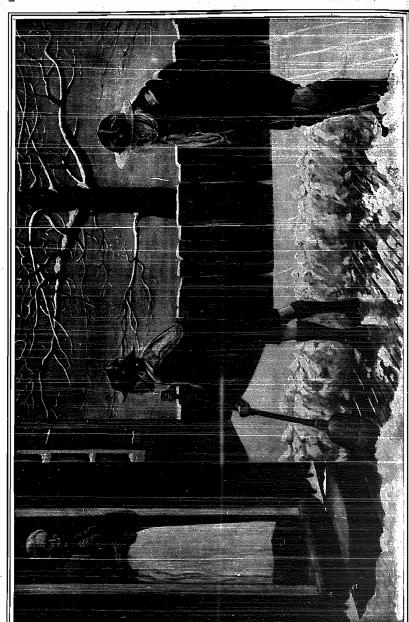
THE BRITISH TOMMY AND THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

The Tommies are very proud of their French, says Adjutant Mary Booth, and it is great fan to hear them struggling at it. The other day one was trying it on us, and I was doing my best to keep a straight face, when his mate brought him up sharply by saying, "They're English, you fooli" One dear fellow in a shop wanted some eggs, and managed to make his needs known, much to have the say t much to the amusement of the other customers, by imitating a cock crowing! The company at our "villa," the Headquarters, are making good progress in the language, although they do not have much time to study.

I feel very interested in the French people, and wish we had a Corps near. Their soldiers look so picturesque in their red trousers and blue coats; some have a very pale blue uniform; many of the peasant women wear such quaint costumes, with pretty white cotton hats.

I wish the French people were kinder to their animals, but I think they are learning.





It is after designen with the LifeStowing Souts and Gauch that each member must do now "good turin" to some persons every day, in our picture a couple of Souts are clearing away the snow from the enteracts to on aged women's hamble hower. The Souts and Garded have of Sachini, Many studys among the owing, has recently been insuganced, and is multiply good headway both in the Carnin, Boast and West Peritobried.